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CONTENTS.

Pages 1 & 2.—The Confederate Chieftains, A Tale of the Irish Rebellion of 1641, by Mrs. J. Sadlier (continued). News from Europe.

Page 3.—A Popular History of Ireland—From the Earliest Period to the Emancipation of the Catholics, by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M. P. P., (continued). The President and the Mortara Case. Catholic Intelligence—Domestic.

Pages 4 & 5.—Domestic and Foreign Catholic Intelligence. Latest Irish News. Dr. Cahill's Letter—Secret Societies in Ireland.

Pages 6 & 7.—Foreign and Home Miscellany.

Pages 8 & 9.—Irish Jails and French Police Courts. Incapacity of Public School Teachers. The Prize Ring and the Theatre. Death of the Rev. Peter McCarron. Why the London *Times* Opposes Reform. Mortara Buncombe Thrown Away. Our Dublin Correspondence. Bishop O'Connor at St. Andrew's Church. Fools or Knaves, &c. &c.

Page 10.—Literature—The Social, Political and Commercial Advantages of Direct Steam Communication and Rapid Postal Intercourse between Europe and America, *via* Galway, Ireland, by Pliny Mills, Esq.; Poetry—Little Thoughts at the Close of the Year; The Irish Tenant at Will; Dr. Art of Suffering (continued).

Page 11.—Our Maine Correspondence. Presentation to the Rev. Wm. Hegarty. The Intellectual Record of the Irish Race—An Address by Thomas D'Arcy, McGee, Esq.

Pages 12 & 13.—Our London and Paris Correspondence. Irish Deaths. New York Markets.

Pages 14, 15 & 16.—Advertisements.

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THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS;

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER IV.

"Amid their joyous merriment, a cloud sails slowly o'er the sun!
They start up as the shadow falls; they look; it loometh dreadly dun;
And tho', not e'en the slightest leaf is by the slumbering breezes stirr'd,
Advancing bodefully afar a Pyramid of gloom appear'd!"

"If it feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge!"
SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice.*

On that memorable night when "the beacon of war" was flaming in triumphal brightness on the hills of Ulster, and a whole province awoke into life, and the activity which springs from sudden hope, while the chieftains of the north were exulting in the gushing enthusiasm of the people, how did it fare with their equally-devoted friends in Dublin? O'Moore, and Maguire, and McMahon were all there in person to direct and carry out the hazardous design—the success of which would be almost a guarantee for the ultimate triumph of their cause. They were well acquainted with the state of affairs in the Castle, and knew that skill and caution more than force were required for its capture. They had, therefore, wisely abstained from making their intention known within the city, except to the few gentlemen whose honor and patriotism they had had too many and convincing proofs to doubt. Their plan was well devised, and promised fair for success. A hundred chosen men were to enter the city by ten different gates on the following day, which, being market-day, the ingress or presence of so small a number would attract no attention. While the citizens were engaged about their market-business the all but unguarded gates of the old fortress were to be taken by the several small parties appointed for the task, under the leadership of the chieftains already named, with Colonel Plunket and Colonel O'Byrne. Arms were secretly provided, and hid away in safe places ready for use.

The leaders of the enterprise had all supped together at Lord Maguire's lodgings in Castle street, and although each one strove hard to appear gay, or, at least, easy in mind, still the effort was too visible, and the attempt was, consequently, unsuccessful. It was hard for men with such a perilous step before them to drown the thought of the coming morrow, with all its dread possibilities, in the sense of present enjoyment. Failure was not to be thought of—the thought would have been too dreadful—success they did and would anticipate, rejecting with scorn all the chances that lay against them, with spirit worthy their heroic blood, and the noble cause in which they had embarked, suppressing, as it rose within them, every thought of the personal danger to be incurred. Yet, even in that final hour, when their daring scheme was drawing to its completion, and all had girded their loins with strength and courage for the neck-or-nothing venture, the distinctive features of their respective characters were broadly marked and clearly visible. O'Moore was still calm and collected, earnest, firm and full of that high-souled confidence which springs from a conscientiousness of innate resources and capacities yet undeveloped, together with a strong conviction of supernatural aid and assistance. Maguire, on the other hand, though apparently devoted heart and soul to the success of the cause which he stood pledged to advance by every means in his power, still showed symptoms, involuntary on his part, of a nervous anxiety as to the result, shrinking, as it were, from the approach of actual peril, which was little in keeping with his usual character. Men were wont to speak of Lord Maguire as a young nobleman who lacked prudence and was noways given to calculation, who, in short, had suffered a large portion of his patrimony to slip through his fingers, because and by reason of his reckless habits. It was passing strange, and the bold brave chieftain of Uriel, who had known Maguire from earliest boyhood, found it hard to believe him the same man, or to repress the words of contemptuous surprise which ever and anon rose to his lips as he marked the unwonted paleness, not to say agitation, of his friend from Fermanagh.

O'Byrne, a tall, broad-shouldered mountaineer, of some thirty odd years, with a frank and cheerful countenance, hale, hearty, and good-natured, was the very beau-ideal of a dashing, daring, high-handed soldier, liltle disposed to harm others without special good cause, and just as little likely to bear wrong or insult tamely. A genuine Milesian was Hugh O'Byrne, proud yet not stern, brave even to rashness, seldom pausing to calculate results, warm and impulsive in all his feelings, somewhat apt, at times, to give offence by over-free speech, yet always willing to make reparation when conscience or good sense convinced him of having erred. Independent of the manifold wrongs sustained by his own family at the hands of robber-rulers, O'Byrne's generous heart bled for the woes of all his nation, and if his was not the fierce, insatiable ardor wherewith Phelim O'Neill threw himself into the struggle, his hostility to the foreign oppressers was none the less strong or determined. Take him for all in all, O'Byrne was a fair specimen of an Irish chieftain of that day, high-spirited, straightforward, honest and patriotic, with a certain dash of chivalry in his composition that served to soften and refine his outward bearing especially in the presence of ladies. He, too, had noticed the, to him, unaccountable depression of Maguire, but, unlike McMahon, he was touched by a sadness with which he yet could not sympathize—his own heart revelled in the thought that the work of liberation for the country and the people was so soon to commence, and that he was to aid in striking the first blow. He had an intuitive sense of delicacy, however, that prevented him from making any allusion to a feeling which he plainly saw was involuntary, and he more than once restrained McMahon by a look or a sign when that gentleman seemed disposed to address his lordship in terms more candid than polite.

As for Plunket, he sat looking from one to the other through half closed eye-lids, a singularly humorous smile on his thin features, mingled at times with the slightest possible expression of contempt, for Richard Plunket, although a patriot at heart, and, moreover, a zealous Catholic, was still a Norman by descent, and as such looked down upon "the mere Irish" with a sense of superiority which in his case, however, was good-natured and rather patronizing than otherwise. Still he had quite enough of Norman superciliousness to enjoy in a sly way what he justly termed "the old Milesian crustiness and thin skin" of his companions. Notwithstanding all that, Richard Plunket was a man of honor and probity, clear-headed and far-seeing, who deserved well of his countrymen as being the first man of English blood who joined the ranks of the native Irish in that memorable struggle for freedom. His first adhesion was owing to the influence of O'Moore, between whom and himself a strong and sincere friendship had been growing for years. Connected by family ties, and pretty nearly of the same age—they had been boys together, and in their case, at least, the distinction of races was obliterated, and the feuds of past times voluntarily forgotten. The high-bred descendant of the princes of Leix had many friends within the English Pale, but none so true, so steadfast as Richard Plunket.

The long evening wore away, the stilly night had well nigh reached its noon, and still the party lingered as if loath to separate, when the measured tread of armed men was heard echoing through the deserted street,—near and nearer the sound came, and some of the gentlemen becoming alarmed, rushed to extinguish the lamp. Maguire, smiling at their fears, pointed to the time-piece on the wall, which was just on the stroke of ten.*

"It is the city watch, my friends!—only keep quiet, and they will pass on!"

The room-door opened softly, and a lank, thin-visaged individual in a bob-wig protruded his head cautiously through the aperture. The leaden eyes fixed themselves on Maguire's face and there they rested.

"Sdeath, man!" cried his lordship, half angrily; "what's amiss that you look so frightened?"

"My lord, it's Sheriff Woodcock that wants to know why there be lights in my house at such an untimeous hour——"

"Sheriff Woodcock!" cried Maguire with a start; "wherefore comes he here?"

"That I know not," replied Nevil the surgeon, "but he seems marvellously curious to know who we have within——"

"Let him travel farther in quest of knowledge, the hangman!" said McMahon in a voice so loud as to excite the apprehensions even of O'Moore, who admonished him by signs to keep quiet.

"Nay, my very good sir," quoth Nevil, "we may not answer law-officers in that fashion—at least here in the city. I told him it was only the Lord Maguire making merry with some noble gentlemen——"

"You did!" exclaimed Maguire, starting from his seat with a flushed and changing countenance. "You told him so, Nevil?"

"Surely I did, but be not wrothful, my good lord—I told him you were all civil, well-behaved gentlemen, and that I would answer for your peaceable ways, though I couldn't deny but what you were from the Irish country, and come of the old blood, all excepting Master Plunket——"

Some of the company laughed, but others, seeing more in the affair than the ordinary vigilance of the night-watch, were in more humor to give the pragmatical chirurgeon an occasion to test his skill on his own bones, than to relish the quaintness of his words or the oddity of his demeanor.

"Let us throw him out to his sheriffship as a love-token!" said one.

"Nay, rather, let us tie him to the pump near at hand," said another, "till he learns to keep his tongue from wagging——"

"Jest an' you will at my poor expense, noble sirs," said Nevil with sly emphasis, but were it not for my promise that you should all be in your beds within the space of half an hour you might have been taking the air by this time in company with the worshipful Sheriff Woodcock—I pray ye all to mark well my words, and straightway betake yourselves to your proper lodgings, ere your laughter be turned another way. Now do as you list, and blame not Peter Nevil, if evil befal ye!"

The bob-wig vanished, the door closed, but somehow the mirth of the company had departed with Peter, and after a short and whispered consultation it was agreed that Nevil's warning was not to be slighted, inasmuch as none of them had any particular reason at that particular time for desiring to make the acquaintance of the worshipful Woodcock.

"They be birds of ill omen in this quarter," observed Plunket, who could never resist the temptation to give utterance to what he considered a good thing; "any cock were better than a *wood*-cock here within the city limits!"

"Until such time as we have a cage ready for him in Birmingham Tower,"† added Roger O'Moore, with his expressive smile.

This allusion was well-timed, and served to restore a portion of the cheerfulness so lately lost. The high hopes, the daring conceptions cherished so long, and for one short moment partially dimmed, darted again into life and glowing fervor at the mention of the hated prison, the Irish Bastile, where so many of the nation's noblest and best had languished, suffered—and died.

"Let us hence to our lodgings, friends and comrades," said O'Byrne, gaily, as he tightened his leathern belt around him and threw his cloak over his shoulders; "we have glorious work in

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that ten o'clock was as far in the night in the seventeenth century as *twelve* is in the nineteenth.

† The principal tower of Dublin Castle, in troublous times, used as a State-prison. This portion of the edifice was, therefore, as may well be supposed, peculiarly obnoxious to the native Irish.

hand for the morrow—nay, our noble host, ask us not to dip farther into that charmed bowl—we need steady hands, ay! and cool heads for the task before us——"

"You say truly, colonel," said O'Moore, with an approving nod; "our game is a bold one, and the stakes are fearfully high, but if well played, it will give back the heart of Ireland to its dissevered members, and set the life-blood flowing once again from end to end of the old land. Your hand, my lord!—McMahon, yours!—the touch of an Ulsterman's hand sets my pulses throbbing this night, when I bethink me of what is passing in that north country by this—no, not by this—" he added, glancing at the time-piece, which barely indicated the tenth hour—"no, not by this—at midnight the signal-fires are to blaze on Ultonia's hills—Fermanagh and Monaghan are busy scenes by now—and the O'Reillys are stirring in Breffny, and the men of Tyr-Owen are not idle—St. Bridget! an' we were there at this hour, to see those bold clansmen throwing off their shackles——"

"No need to go so far for a sight, Roger," said his friend Plunket; "before the morrow's sun sets behind our own Ben-Edir, we may see the green flag waving over Dublin Castle——"

"*May!*" repeated the fiery Wicklow-man; "say rather we *shall* and *must*——"

"If God so wills it, O'Byrne," rejoined Plunket.

"Oh, surely, surely—that is understood, but——"

"But nothing is certain," put in Maguire, in a low, earnest tone, as he accompanied his friends to the stair-head; "if our eyes see not the sight you mention, friends and loyal gentlemen, others whom we wot of will see *us* in doleful plight——"

"Hear the raven how he croaks!" said McMahon with good-humored irony; "where learned you that dismal note, Connor?—methinks it was not by Erne's banks or in those old Fermanagh woods where you and I chased the fallow deer so oft together—"

Maguire's answer was prevented by O'Moore, who laid a hand on the arm of each of the northern chieftains as they stood together. "Enough for the present," said he, in a low, impressive voice, his eyes glistening with strange lightness through the dim light of the lampless lobby, "to-night our friends in the north will stand on their own soil as freemen—*midnight* is *their* hour of freedom—shall not to-morrow's noon be ours?"

Every voice answered in the affirmative, and each clasped the other's hand with the energy of determination; then one by one Maguire's guests departed and went their several ways, unnoticed in the darkness of the narrow streets, as they confidently believed.

Their host, left alone, turned moodily back into the room they had left, muttering to himself: "*Midnight!*—it is a dreary hour for those who fear—but what should I fear more than the others?—fear! it is an ill-word—no, I do not fear—wherefore should I? Saints above! who is here?"

"Only a poor brother of the Order of St. Francis!" said a meek voice from the depth of a high steeple hood, and a figure, which had taken possession of a chair in front of the now expiring fire, rose to its feet and slowly, very slowly, turned towards the interrogator a pale emaciated countenance, looking ghastly and spirit-like in the deep shade of the hood.

"But how came you here?" stammered Maguire, strangely agitated; "what is your business with me—speak, friar! I charge you speak!"

"There be danger abroad," said the friar with solemn emphasis, in a low muffled voice; "I know a noble quarry for which a pit-fall is in waiting, an' it move many paces from where it stands."

"In God's name, speak plainly," said Maguire, with increasing agitation.

"Leave this house, an' you love your life," said the Capuchin, with a warning motion of the finger; "loose not a moment, or it may, even now, be late."

"Friar!" said Maguire, solemnly, "I know you not, and I marvel much at the nature of your speech. Wherefore should I fly as a felon?"

"As a felon you will be judged, full soon, an' you do not a friend's bidding!"

"But what—what is the danger?"

"The Sheriff has set a watch on this house—you know best in how far that may concern you. Heaven grant you may even now escape; and should ill befal you, Connor Maguire, there be those within the city walls whom the news will sore afflict!"

Maguire started and fixed his eye on the haggard face before him—much of its character he might not see.

"Stranger, I *will* do your bidding—but tell me first, who they be that sent you hither, at the risk of your own life?"

A scornful smile flitted over the ghostly visage. "I care not, an' I save yours—that is—a poor Capuchin's life is of small value weighed against the Lord Maguire's—but why tarry so long—give me but one word of kindness—gratitude for those who take so deep an interest in your welfare, and I lead you hence by a secret way!"

"Now, out upon you, Capuchin!" Maguire exclaimed, with a vehemence as sudden as unaccountable; "you a priest of God's Church, and holding communion with—nay, I name no names, but say to those whom it concerns, that what I said before I say now again—my mind is still the same on the matter they and I wot of—and say further from me that Connor Maguire would not take the boon of life at such hands——"

"This is your final answer," said the friar, very, very calmly.

"It is, and let me tell you, father, that I am much surprised, and no little afflicted to see a man of your holy state herding with like company, and doing their will, moreover, in slavish fashion!——"

"It is well," said the preternaturally calm voice from beneath the hood; I marvel not that the lofty feeling of gratitude which cast at your feet a heart which the proudest and noblest have sought in vain, should be a stranger to your flinty bosom—it was said of old that nothing good could come out of Galilee—fool—fool that *I* was to look for good where good never yet was found. But the dream is past—ay! and for ever—and *love*—" the voice ceased a moment—a low, strange sound like hysteric laughter was heard—then was added, in a hissing tone, the figure approaching the astonished nobleman till it placed itself within a few feet of where he stood, "love will be henceforward *hate*—ay! hate—stay or go now—as you will—the toils are around you, go where you may—and I pray the just and righteous God that the doom of traitors may fall soon and suddenly on all concerned in your foul plot!—should that thing come to pass, Connor Maguire! you will think of—*the Capuchin friar*—ha! ha! ha!"

A name was on Maguire's lips when he could command his voice to utter a sound, but whatever he might have purposed to say, in the overwhelming surprise of the moment, was now too late to reach the ear of the strange visitor—gliding through the half open door he had vanished in the obscurity of the passage without.

At first, the whole seemed to Maguire like a hideous dream, and, hastily pouring out a goblet of wine, he swallowed it at a draught, hoping that its generous warmth might overcome the dreary chillness which was creeping over him, but all in vain—nor wine, nor reason, could dispel the gloomy impression left on his mind by the parting words of the strange being whose identity he was at no loss to establish, any more than he could reasonably doubt of the dread reality of what he had seen and heard.

In the silence and loneliness of the place—for no sound was heard within the house—Maguire could not divest himself of the thought that he *was* surrounded by danger—his morbid imagination peopled the very air with hostile creatures—spies, it might be, and from Nevil's manner, during his brief appearance, his suspicions settled on him. He was alone, without any friend to consult, and the dark presentiment within him, had other motives been wanting, was, to a mind like his, sufficient to make him decide on some step that might possibly avert the imminent peril in which he began to fancy himself, though of its exact nature he could form no idea. Strangely enough, he forgot what his mysterious visitor had said, that there was a watch set on the house, and believing that a change of quarters might ensure his safety till morning light—or even till the hour appointed for the great attempt—he softly made his way down the dark stair-case, and, taking the key from its usual place, let himself into the street, without any clear or definite idea as to whither he should steer his course. Not unseen of Sheriff Woodcock's understrapper walked Connor Maguire through the shades of night. From under the archway which had sheltered his precious body, stepped forth John Steeples, and after the Irish lord paced he at safe and respectful distance, anxious, no doubt, to see him safely and snugly housed again for the comfort and satisfaction of his worshipful principal. Now had Master Woodcock any definite or special charge against Lord Maguire or his late guests, it would have saved honest John Steeples some trouble, for nothing would have been easier than to procure a few of his comrades and "grab them" on the spot, but, unluckily, no instructions had been issued for their arrest, they were only suspected in a general way, as it were, and hence the necessity for John Steeples' continued *surveillance*, without any further steps in aggression. So on walked Lord Maguire, and on followed John Steeples, past the old Church of St. Nicholas, down through Christchurch Lane, past the dark dead walls of the old Cathedral, under the frowning arch of Ormond's Gate, and soon into Cook street, where the young nobleman was soon lost to John's sight, but not before the sharp eyes of the latter had marked the humble domicile into which three gentle knocks had gained him admission. Having taken due note of the house, John Steeples moved his bulky *corpus* with quickened paces towards the place where he knew his employer was likely to be found in snug quarters that cold raw night.

While the chieftain of Fermanagh was taking his lonely way through the upper streets of the old city, he little dreamed of what was passing by the water side in one of the mansions on Merchant's Quay.* Within the last two hours there had been quite a commotion amongst the inmates of the house, from the dark-browed, sinister-looking personage enveloped in ample robes of grave official character, whose air and bearing expressed the consciousness of high authority, to the humblest lackey who rendered service to the great man's great man. Alone in solemn state the master of the mansion paced a spacious chamber to and fro, muttering to himself dark and incoherent sentences, and chuckling with strange mirth at times the while he waited with nervous impatience for some intelligence which was evidently delayed too long for his liking. Every now and then he stopped and listened, then rang a hand-bell, which lay on a large table in the centre of the room, covered with crimson cloth, strode to the door to meet the tidings half way, but it was long before any came. Always to his question of "Any of them come yet?" the same unsatisfactory answer was returned. A fierce imprecation, spoken withal in godly phrase, was on the man's lips, in anticipation of a like reply to his last imperious query, when the serving man hastily put in: "There's one waiting without to see your lordship's honor."

"Who is it, sirrah? Not one of the lords-councillors surely?"

"Not so, my lord, it seems to me that the man is habited like the devil's birds named by the recusants, friars or something of the kind!"

A sudden change passed over the heavy, puritanical features of Sir William Parsons, for he it was. "Admit him quickly." The servant vanished. "Friars! ay! he must needs be one of our own friars—ha! ha!—godly men they be, too, for all the heathenish fashion of their garments!—ay! so I thought," as the monk of St. Francis glided in, cautiously closed the door after him, and advanced to the very centre of the room.

"How is this?" cried the Lord Justice; "fellow, you are a stranger—why enter here in that garb?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the monk, "as though such mummers never appeared in this most godly house! Fear me not, however, Sir William Parsons, I am no enemy for all my frieze robe. I came hither with good intent, as you will presently see—moments are precious. You received certain depositions this night from one Owen O'Conolly, a servant of Sir John Clotworthy."

"Surely I did," said Parsons, eyeing the other as closely as the deep hood permitted; "know you aught appertaining to that matter—an' you do, good payment will not be wanting——"

"Your gold I seek not, Sir William Parsons," said the monk sternly, "but there be those amongst these Romish traitors whom I would see brought to justice, and that full speedily—an' you wait till morning light, you will stand but poor chance of taking them."

"But how—where can we come at them now!"

"Leave that to Sheriff Woodcock—he knows ere now where the conspirators lie hidden."

"So there *is* a plot," said Parsons musingly.

"Can you doubt it when you have O'Conolly's sworn evidence of the fact?"

There was a keen touch of irony in this question which the Lord Justice well understood, and he bristled up accordingly.

"Nay, nay, Sir William," said the monk in a tone half jeering, half soothing; "what matters it to you or me that your deponent be a drunken serving-man—his deposition is none the less clear—it will serve your turn and mine, too—it will help to build up your fortune, and it will give the balm of revenge to my heart—*revenge!*—ay! truly—but this is folly—Sir William Parsons! you have the germ of a great rebellion between your fingers—crush it, I tell you! crush the poisonous growth ere it crush and destroy you—all——"

The Lord Justice had been listening in silent wonder to the vehement and most bitter speech of the friar, but at the last words uttered in a somewhat softer tone, he started and fixed his eyes anew on the mysterious personage before him.

"Surely I have heard that voice ere now—say, am I right?"

"I came not hither to answer questions of that nature," said the monk haughtily, "but to refresh your lordship's memory concerning the traitorous doings of Connor Maguire, Costelloe, McMahon, and others of their associates. You have heard that to-morrow's *morn* is fixed for the execution of their plot—look to it now, or the morrow's *eve* may find you a headless man——"

"You are right, good monk—if monk you be——"

"Good me no goods—nor monk nor priest am I—God forbid I were!——"

"Well! let us not quarrel on that head," said Parsons in no small trepidation; "an' you think there is real danger, friend! I will repair to the house of my honorable colleague, Sir John Borlase, and there await the assembling of the Council—being without the walls, it may be safer——"

"As you will," said the stern voice from the hood, "but what you do, do it quickly!" The monk was gone ere Parsons could summon a servant to see him out. The Lord Justice, happily for his own peace, heard not the malicious laugh which echoed through the vaulted halls below as the Capuchin roused the porter from his nap to give him egress.

A little while after, and Sir William Parsons was engaged in deep consultation at the house of Sir John Borlase, in College green,* with that functionary and some three or four members of the Privy Council, over the sworn depositions of the drunken servant, O'Conolly, who was secured and brought back for further examination.

At midnight, Lord Maguire was arrested† at the house of his tailor in Cook street, just, as he bitterly thought, when the hills and dales of Fermanagh were blazing with the signal-fires of freedom, and his faithful clansmen were eagerly looking forward to news of victory and noble exploits from their absent chief. As the guard dragged him roughly along in the direction of the prison, a voice, which the unhappy nobleman well knew, addressed him in mocking tones from the deep archway: "My benison on thy head, Connor Maguire—*benedicite*, my son!" The chieftain shuddered, but made no answer.

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* To those who know anything of the Dublin of our day it will seem strange to hear of aristocratic dwellings on the "Quays," and yet they were as numerous there two hundred years ago—perhaps more numerous—than the commercial buildings. It is now hardly credible that some of the first legal functionaries and literary celebrities of those days, together with many distinguished members of the gentry and even the nobility, had their town dwellings in Bridge street, Winetavern street, and all around that neighborhood, which seems to have been quite a fashionable locality at that time.

* College geeen was then outside the city limits.

† To commemorate the capture of Lord Maguire, the bells of St. Audeon's—in which parish it took place—were rung at midnight on the 22d—23d October of every succeeding year. This custom is said to have been continued down till the year of Emancipation, 1829.

(*To be continued.*)

NEWS FROM EUROPE.—We are in receipt of intelligence from Europe to the 1st inst., by the arrival of the steamship Niagara at Halifax. The screw steamer Weser, of the safety of which doubts had been entertained, put into Queenstown on the 26th ult., leaking badly. She had experienced a terrible seven days' hurricane. The Emperor Napoleon has again pardoned Montalembert, and the editor of the *Correspondant*, and 164 other prisoners. France has officially informed England of her support, if the latter adopts measures to counteract President Buchanan's policy with regard to Cuba, Mexico and Central America. A false alarm of fire in the Victoria Theatre, London, had caused a panic, and sixteen people were trampled to death. The Spanish papers denounce Mr. Buchanan's Message in a tone of offended pride.

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A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD, TO THE EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS.

By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION, AND HOW SOME OF THE KINGS KEPT IT.

We have fortunately still existing the main provisions of that constitution which was prepared under the auspices of Saint Patrick, and which, though not immediately, nor simultaneously, was in the end accepted by all Erin as its supreme law. It is contained in a volume called "the Book of Rights," and in its printed form (the Dublin bilingual edition of 1847), fills some 250 octavo pages. This book may be said to contain the original institutes of Erin under her Celtic Kings: "the Brehon laws," (which are also shortly to be published,) bear the same relation to "the Book of Rights," as the Statutes at large of England, or the United States, bear to the English Constitution in the one case, or to the collective Federal and State Constitutions in the other. Let us endeavor to comprehend what this ancient Irish Constitution was like, and how the Kings received it, at first.

There were, as we saw in the first chapter, beside the present, four Provinces, whose names are familiar to every one, a fifth principality of Meath. Each of the Provinces was subdivided into chieftaincies, of which there were at least double or treble as many as there are now counties. The connection between the chief and his Prince, or the Prince and his monarch, were not of the nature of feudal obedience; for the fee-simple of the soil was never supposed to be vested in the sovereign, nor was the King considered to be the fountain of all honor. The Irish system blended the aristocratic and democratic elements more largely than the monarchical. Everything proceeded by election, but all the candidates should be of noble blood. The Chiefs, Princes, and Monarchs, so selected, were bound together by certain customs and tributes, originally invented by the genius of the Druids, and afterwards adopted and enforced by the authority of the Bishops. The tributes were paid in kind, and consisted of cattle, horses, foreign-born slaves, hounds, oxen, scarlet mantles, coats of mail, chess-boards and chess-men, drinking cups and other portable articles of value. The quantity in every case due from a King to his subordinate, or from a subordinate to his King—for the gifts and grants were often reciprocal—is precisely stated in every instance. Beside these rights, this constitution defines the "prerogatives" of the five Kings on their journeys through each other's territory, their accession to power, or when present in the General Assemblies of the Kingdom. It contains, besides, a very numerous array of "prohibitions"—acts which neither the Ard-Righ nor any other Potentate may lawfully do. Most of these have reference to old local Pagan ceremonies in which the Kings once bore a leading part, but which were now strictly prohibited; others are of inter-Provincial significance, and others, again, are rules of personal conduct. Among the prohibitions of the monarch the first is, that the sun must never rise on him in his bed at Tara; among his prerogatives he was entitled to banquet on the first of August, on the fish of the Boyne, fruit from the Isle of Manu, cresses from the Brosna river, venison from Naas, and to drink the water of the well of Talla: in other words, he was entitled to eat on that day, of the produce, whether of earth or water, of the remotest bounds, as well as of the very heart of his mensal domain. The King of Leinster was "prohibited" ftom upholding the Pagan ceremonies within his province, or to encamp for more than a week in certain districts; but he was "priviledged" to feast on the fruits of Almain, to drink the ale of Cullen, and to preside over the games of Carman, (Wexford.) His colleague of Munster was "prohibited" from encamping a whole week at Killarney or on the Suir, and from mustering a martial host on the Leinster border of Gowran; he was "priviledged" to pass the six weeks of Lent at Cashel (at free quarters?), to use fire and force in compelling tribute from north Leinster; and to obtain a supply of cattle from Connaught, at the time "of the singing of the cuckoo." The Connaught King had five other singular "prohibitions" imposed on him—evidently with reference to some old Pagan rites—and his "prerogatives" were hostages from Galway, the monopoly of the chase in Mayo, free quarters in Murrisk, in the same neighborhood, and to marshal his border-host at Athlone to confer with the tribes of Tara. The ruler of Ulster was also forbidden to indulge in such superstitious practices as observing omens of birds, or drinking of a certain fountain "between two darknesses;" his prerogatives were presiding at the games of Cooley, "with the assembly of the fleet;" the right of mustering his border army in the plains of Louth; free quarters in Armagh for three nights for his troops before setting out on an expedition; and to confine his hostages in Dunseverick, a strong fortress near the Giant's Causeway. Such were the principal checks imposed upon the individual caprice of Monarchs and Princes; the plain inference from all which is, that under the Constitution of Patrick, a Prince who clung to any remnant of ancient Paganism, might lawfully be refused those rents and dues which alone supported his dignity. In other words, disguised as it may be to us under ancient forms, "the Book of Rights" establishes Christianity as the law of the land. All national usages and customs, not conflicting with this supreme law, were recognized and sanctioned by it. The internal revenues in each particular Province were modelled upon the same general principle, with one memorable exception—the special tribute which Leinster paid to Munster—and which was the cause of more bloodshed than all other causes of domestic quarrel combined. The origin of this tax is surrounded with fable, but it appears to have arisen out of the reaction which took place, when Tuathal, "the Legitimate," was restored to the throne of his ancestors, after the successful revolt of the Belgic bondsmen. Leinster seems to have clung longest to the Belgic revolution, and to have submitted only after repeated defeats. Tuathal, therefore, imposed on that Province this heavy and degrading tax, compelling its Princes not only to render him and his successors immense herds of cattle, but also 150 male and female slaves, to do the menial offices about the palace of Tara. With a refinement of policy, as far-seeing as it was cruel, the proceeds of the tax were to be divided one-third to Ulster, one-third to Connaught, and the remainder between the Queen of the Monarch and the ruler of Munster. In this way all the other Provinces became interested in enforcing this invidious and oppressive enactment upon Leinster, which, of course, was withheld whenever it could be refused with the smallest probability of success. Its resistance, and enforcement by arms, will be found a constant cause of civil war, even in Christian times.

The sceptre of Ireland, from her conversion to the time of Brian, was almost solely in the hands of the northern Hy-Nial, the same family as the O'Neills. All the kings of the VIth and VIIth centuries were of that line. In the VIIIth century (from 709 to 742), the southern annalists style Cathal, King of Munster, Ard-Righ; in the IXth century (840 to 847), they give the same high title to Felim, King of Munster; and in the XIth century, Brian possessed that dignity for the twelve last years of his life, (1002 to 1014). With these exceptions, the northern Hy-Nial, in whose patrimony Patrick had so sagaciously placed the ecclesiastical primacy, seems to have retained the sceptre exclusively in their own hands, during the six first Christian centuries. Yet on every occasion, the ancient forms of election, (or procuring the adhesion of the Princes,) had to be gone through. Perfect unanimity, however, was not required; a majority equal to two-thirds seems to have sufficed. If the candidate had the North in his favor, and one Province of the South, he was considered entitled to take possession of Tara; if he were a Southern, he should be seconded either by Connaught or Ulster, before he could lawfully possess himself of the supreme power. The benediction of the Archbishop of Armagh seems to have been necessary to confirm the choice of the Provincials. The monarchs, like the petty kings, were crowned or "made" on the summit of some lofty mound prepared for that purpose; an hereditary officer, appointed to that duty, presented him with a white wand perfectly straight, as an emblem of the purity and uprightness which should guide all his decisions, and, clothed with his royal robes, the new ruler descended among his people, and solemnly swore to protect their rights and to administer equal justice to all. This was the civil ceremony; the solemn blessing took place in a church, and is supposed to be the oldest form of coronation service observed anywhere in Christendom.

We shall now briefly notice the principal acts of the first Christian kings, during the century immediately succeeding St. Patrick's death. Of Ollioll, who succeeded Layery, we cannot say with certainty that he was a Christian. His successor, Leroy, son of Layery, we are expressly told, was killed by lightning (A. D. 496), for "having violated the law of Patrick"—that is, probably, for having practised some of those Pagan rites forbidden to the monarch by the revised constitution. His successor, Murkertach, son of Erc, was a professed Christian, though a bad one, since he died by the vengeance of a concubine named Sheen, (that is, *storm*,) whom he had once put away at the instance of his spiritual adviser, but whom he had not the courage—though brave as a lion in battle—to keep away (A. D. 527). Tuathal "the Rough" succeeded and reigned for seven years, when he was assassinated by the tutor of Dermid, son of Kervel, a rival whom he had driven into exile. Dermid immediatly seized on the throne (A. D. 534), and for twenty eventful years bore sway over all Erin. He appears to have had quite as much of the old leaven of Paganism in his composition—at least in his youth and prime—as either Leroy or Layery. He kept Druids about his person, despised "the right of sanctuary" claimed by the Christian clergy, and observed, with all the ancient superstitious ceremonial, the national games at Tailteen. In his reign the most remarkable event was the public curse pronounced on Tara, by a Saint whose sanctuary the reckless monarch had violated, by dragging a prisoner from the very horns of the altar, and putting him to death. For this offence—the crowning act of a series of aggressions on the immunities claimed by the clergy—the Saint, whose name was Ruadan, and the site of whose sanctuary is still known as Temple-Ruadan, in Tipperary County, came to Tara, accompanied by his clergy, and, walking round the royal rath, solemnly excommunicated the monarch, and anathematized the place. The far-reaching consequences of this awful exercise of spiritual power are traceable for a thousand years through Irish history. No king after Dermid resided permanently upon the hill of Tara. Other royal houses there were in Meath—at Tailteen, at the hill of Usna, and on the margin of the beautiful Lough Ennell, near the present Castlepollard, and at one or other of these the monarchs held occasional court; but those of the northern race made their habitual house in their own patrimony near Armagh, and those of the south, at Cashel or Kincora. The date of the malediction which left Tara desolate is the year of Our Lord 554. The end of this self-willed semi-Pagan was in unison with his life; he was slain in battle by Black Hugh, Prince of Ulster, two years after the desolation of Tara.

Four kings, all fierce competitors for the succession, reigned and fell, within ten years of the death of Dermid, and then we come to the really interesting and important reign of Hugh the Second, which lasted twenty-seven years (A. D. 566 to 593), and was marked by the establishment of the Independence of the Scotch-Irish Colony, in North Britain, and by other noteworthy events. But these twenty-seven years deserve a chapter to themselves.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MORTARA CASE.

Some buncombe-loving religious ranters, in conjunction with a number of perverse Israelites, have been lately annoying the President in connection with the Mortara case. Not relishing the reply of Secretary Cass on a former occasion on the same subject, they concluded to make an application to higher authority; but with what success the subjoined will exhibit:

WASHINGTON CITY, January 4, 1859.

SIR:—I have had the honor of receiving your favor of the 30th ult., with the resolutions recently adopted by "The Representatives of the United Congregations of the Israelites of the City of New York," on the subject of the abduction and detention of Edgar Mortara from his parents, under the authority of the Papal government.

The letters addressed to me on the 20th November, and the 10th ult., to which you recall my attention, were referred in regular course to the State Department, and have been substantially answered in the letters addressed by the Secretary of State on the 21st of November and the 8th of December last, to Mr. A. Hart, President of the Congregation of "Mickve Israel," Philadelphia. These letters have been extensively published throughout the country, and it is evident from their face that the opinion therein expressed had received my approbation.

I have long been convinced that it is neither the right nor the duty of this Government to exercise a moral censorship over the conduct of other independent governments, and to rebuke them for acts which we may deem arbitrary and unjust towards their own citizens or subjects. Such a practice would tend to embroil us with all nations. We ourselves would not permit any foreign power thus to interfere with our domestic concerns and enter protests against the legislation or the action of our Government towards our own citizens. If an attempt of this kind were made, we should promptly advise such a government in return to confine themselves to their own affairs, and not intermeddle with our concerns.

It is perhaps fortunate that the assertion of the principle of non-intervention on the part of the United States between foreign sovereigns and their own subjects has arisen in a case so well calculated to enlist our sympathies as that of the Mortara family. For this reason the precedent will be so much the stronger, and be entitled to the more binding force.

It is enough for us to defend the rights of our own citizens, under treaties or the law of nations, whenever and wherever these may be assailed by the government of any foreign country. Had Mamola Mortara been a citizen of the United States the case would have been very different. The Israelitish citizens of the United States have had occasion to know that I have not been regardless of their just rights in foreign countries, and they may rest assured that they shall receive the same protection when domiciled abroad during my administration, which is extended to all other citizens of our common country. They would ask no more and shall receive nothing less. Yours, very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

Mr. BENJ. W. HART, 48 Pine street, New York.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

DEDICATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.—On Sunday morning, December 12th, the new church of the Roman Catholic German congregation, of New Albany, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God under the title of "The Church of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The sacred rite of dedication was performed by the Rev. Leonard Brandt, of Madison, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Edmund Etchman, of Louisville, and Rev. W. Doyle. The clergy passed around the church, outside and inside the edifice, reciting the anthem, "Thou wilt sprinkle me, Lord, with hyssop; thou wilt wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow." High Mass was solemnly celebrated by Rev. Mr. Brandt. Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, assisted at Mass, supported on either hand by Rev. Edward Faller, the pastor, and Rev. Michael Morendt, of Cannelton. After the gospel had been sung in the Mass, the Bishop ascended a temporary pulpit, prepared for the occasion, and during forty minutes addressed the multitude, by which the church was filled to its utmost capacity.—*New Albany Ledger.*

RECEPTION AT THE PRESENTATION CONVENT.—On Wednesday, 8th Dec., the ceremony of receiving two novices into the Order of the Sisters of Presentation, took place at the Convent on Powell street, San Francisco. Two young ladies, named Miss Mary Phelan, and Miss Bridget McNulty, who have been several months in the institution, made their first vows, and received the white veil at the hands of Archbishop Alemany, assisted by five clergymen. The ceremony of reception, which is of a most impressive nature, was witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who were present by invitation. The corridors of the building were crowded in every part, and through the exertions of the ladies of the Convent every accommodation was afforded visitors.—*Monitor.*

DEATH OF REV. MR. HOOKE.—We find the following announcement in the Savannah *Republican* of Tuesday, 4th Dec. The deceased was a student of All-Hallow's College: "A few minutes before ten o'clock, Sunday night, the Reverend Patrick Hooke, of St. John's (Catholic) Church, died in this city, aged 25 years. He was educated by this diocese, and has been officiating in Savannah about a year. During his visits to the sick in the late epidemic season, he contracted the fever under which he gradually sunk. He was assiduous in his calling, and his life was the price of his devotion to the wants of his suffering fellow-creatures.

DIOCESE OF ST. PAUL — NEW CHURCH AT MARYSBURG, MINNESOTA.—The new church recently erected at this place was lately the scene of great consolation to the Catholics of Marysburg and the surrounding country, many of whom came twelve miles on foot to be present at the opening, and to assist at the exercises of the Jubilee. The Rev. Father Somereisen, of Maukotee, walked twelve miles to administer the Bread of Life to the hungry children of the Church. He preached both in English and German to the crowds who attended the church.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.—Three more windows of the Cathedral have been secured by the following persons: J. and B. O'Donohoe, Esqrs.; J. Desbarats, Esq., and John Shea, Esq. We are likewise informed that several other parties in town contemplate contributing to the staining of one window each. So that before long we hope to hear of all the windows being taken.—*Canadian Freeman.*

The spendid new Church of St. Patrick, in Grass Valley, Cal., of which Rev. T. J. Dalton is pastor, was opened for Catholic worship on Sunday, 5th Dec., to a very crowded congregation

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE HALL, CHICAGO, JAN. 3, 1859.—At the last regular meeting of the Catholic Institute, Rev. T. J. Butler, D.D., in the chair, the following preamble and resolutions were introduced and unanimously adopted: *Whereas*, through the dispensation of an all wise and inscrutable Providence, we are called upon to lament the melancholy death of the Rev. Matthew Dillon, last Pastor of Peoria, and formerly President of this association; therefore, *Resolved*, That in his demise we mourn the loss of one endeared to us by an official intercourse, during which he labored to foster the interests and propagate the usefulness of our Institute, while in the varied relations of his holy office he was ever a kind and faithful friend to the poor, a comforter to the afflicted, and an earnest and exemplary minister of the faith. By his death, our association is bereft of a member whose counsel was ever wise and judicious. Always foremost in every good work, he leaves a name that will be cherished with veneration, and which we shall hold in the most grateful remembrance. *Resolved*, That the above be spread upon the journal of the Institute, and that the Secretary be instructed to request the publication of the same in the *Daily Times*. Rev. T. J. Butler, D.D., President; W. J. Onahan, Secretary.

DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. Joseph Patschowski, S. J., died in St. Louis, Mo., on the 10th inst. The Rev. deceased had been for a great number of years Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in that city. A solemn High Mass was offered for the repose of his soul, at which Archbishop Kenrick presided.

Rev. F. X. Branagan, formerly of St. James' Catholic Church, of Boston, has been appointed pastor of St. John's, East Cambridge, vacant by the recent death of Father Carroll.

The Rev. S. Buysche, of New Orleans, died of consumption, in that city, on the 10th inst.

Foreign.

CLOSE OF THE MISSION IN KILKENNY.—On Sunday, 19th Dec., the mission of the Redemptorist Fathers, conducted with such unwearied zeal and labor, terminated by a farewell sermon by the superior, Father Theunis. The efforts of the holy fathers to meet the requirements of the immense crowds attending the confessional were almost incredible. On Friday, the 17th, the solemn ceremony of the plantation and blessing of the mission cross took place, and on that evening Father Theunis preached a most impressive sermon on the great sacrifice of the cross, in which he explained that a rule of their order required that in every place where a mission has been held a cross should be erected of the same dimensions as that upon which was accomplished the great work on Mount Calvary, in order to keep constantly before the mind this all important event, to remind the people of the mercy of God in bestowing upon them the grace of the mission, and of the holy resolutions which they were inspired to form during its continuance.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. BROWNE.—At a preliminary meeting of the inhabitants of Roscommon and the surrounding locality, held on Friday, the 17th of December, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: That we consider it incumbent on us to mark our high sense of the many virtues of our late venerated Bishop, by erecting a testimonial to his memory. That we appeal to the nobility, clergy, and laity of this diocese, and to his lordship's other personal friends, to assist in carrying out this object, and that the secretary be requested to issue circulars for that purpose.

PROFESSION IN THE CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, GLASGOW.—On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Miss Jane Ann Hope Johnstone, eldest daughter of Admiral Hope Johnstone, after a noviciate of two years, made her solemn religious profession as a Sister of Mercy in St. Mary's Convent, Glasgow. The Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch, Vicar Apostolic of the western district of Scotland, assisted by the Rev. G. Rigg, of Perth, and the Rev. R. Chisholm, chaplain of the Convent, officiated. A most eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by his lordship on the occasion.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—A striking and impressive marble altar has been erected in this church, on the Blessed Virgin's side. It was designed by the late eminent sculptor, Hogan, and executed by Mr. Farrell of Dublin. The figures upon it represent the Saviour, after having been taken from the cross, and His Blessed Mother having one of His hands placed in her's while she is placing a shroud over Him with the other hand. The cost was somewhat more than £200.—*Dundalk paper.*

RECEPTION AT THE PRESENTATION CONVENT, ENNISCORTHY.—On the 8th of December Miss Byrne, daughter of Terence Byrne, Esq., Kilbora, made her vows and was professed in presence of the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Bishop of the diocese of Ferns. The ceremony was attended by several clergymen of the neighborhood, as also by a number of the friends and relatives of the young lady.

CONVERSIONS.—The London *Weekly Register* states that the Rev. C. R. Rowlatt, M. A., late curate of West Thurrock, Essex, has been received into the Catholic Church. The same paper also states that F. C. Burnand, Esq., B. A. of King's College, Cambridge, and of Cuddesden College, Oxon, has been received into the Catholic Church by Dr. Manning.

CHINESE CATHOLIC PRIESTS.—Several young Chinese, who came to Europe some short time since with Rev. Father Peray, Apostolic Pro-Vicar of Canton, are at present at Nantes. Two of them, Barthelemi Lo and Jean Tang, are deacons, and will be ordained Priests by Mgr. Jaquemet, Bishop of Nantes.

A letter from Naples says: "Capua is the see of a Cardinal-bishop, and it is the richest bishopric of the kingdom; the cathedral is one of the finest monuments of Italy; it is supported by columns of granite of extraordinary size taken from old Pagan edifices, and all of a different style of architecture. It also contains some pictures by Salimen, and pieces of sculpture by Bernini, of great merit. This cathedral has, during the last few years, undergone considerable repairs, and has been splendidly decorated by the first artists of Naples. The inauguration of this building took place on the 30th Nov. Seven bishops every day celebrated Mass in it until the 8th Dec., the day of the Immaculate Conception, when a grand procession round the city took place. The King, the Queen, and all the princes and princesses of the royal family were present. His Majesty, the hereditary prince, the Count de Trani, and the Count de Caserta followed the procession behind the statue of the Virgin. A line of troops were drawn up on either side of the streets through which the procession passed.

The feast of St. Thomas, of Canterbury, the patron of the secular Clergy of England, will be celebrated at Fulham, with accustomed solemnity. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop is prevented attending this year, but there will be a pontifical celebration, and the sermon will be preached by the Provost of Westminster. The coloring of this beautiful church is now nearly completed, and the decoration of the Ladye Chapel, in the Cathedral, and a numerous meeting has been held and a most liberal subscription commenced in furtherance of this object.

The sacred and interesting ceremony of a reception into the Convent of Mercy, New Ross, took place before the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Bishop of Ferns. The postulant was Miss Ellen Browne, in religion Sister Aloysius, daughter of John Browne, Esq., Bridgetown. The proceedings were carried on with that solemnity with which the church fitly accompanies so important an event.

The Catholic chapel of the village of Ballydehob was struck by lightning on Saturday, the 18th Dec. Some of the slate was carried away, many panes of glass were broken, the painting of the Crucifixion over the altar was torn in pieces, and much of the woodwork was injured. Several persons in the village were stunned as if by an electric shock.—*Constitution.*

The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna has had his audience of the Emperor before his departure for Rome. His ostensible business at the foot of the Pontifical throne is to seek the sanction of his Holiness to the reesolutions of the last provincial council.—*Weekly Register.*

The Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, the youthful widower, whose grief was said to have determined him to forsake the world and enter a cloister, has gone to Rome.

M. l'Abbe Van Reeth, who has filled the office of military chaplain at Antwerp, is leaving for England, where he will become a missionary priest.

The court preacher selected to preach at the Tuileries next Lent is the Jesuit Father Felix.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On Wednesday, the 22d December, an experimental trip was made on the Belfast and County Down Railway, over a further extension of this line from the junction station, passing the town of Crossgar, and running so within three and a half miles of Downpatrick. From the substantial character of the heavy works executed, and the smoothness of the line traversed over, along with the little remaining to be done, it is confidently expected that the line will be completed in time to enable parties attending the ensuing assizes to have the benefit of railway conveyance to Downpatrick.

Mr. Jackson, coroner, held an inquest at the house of Mr. Beatty, Market square, Lisburn, on the body of William Swan Beatty, a farmer, who was drowned in the Lagan, while on his way home to Anahilt. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," and appended to their verdict a recommendation that the authorities should have a chain placed along the quay at the spot where the deceased was drowned, in order to prevent similar accidents in future.

John Adams, mate of the Jane, of Holywood, was drowned at Donegall quay, Belfast. Deceased had been walking along the quay with his wife, when his foot, it is supposed, came in contact with a chain, and falling, he tumbled into the water and was drowned. The river was dragged, and the body of Adams was soon after taken out.

The Sessional Crown Solicitor for Antrim, vacant by the death of Mr. O'Neill, has been conferred on John Birney, Esq., Lisburn.

Carlow.

A melancholy illustration of the uncertainty of human existence was afforded recently in Graigue. It appears that a young man, named James Cummins, aged about 22 years, came by his death under the following sad circumstances, on Wednesday, the 21st ult. When he came home to breakfast on that day, he complained to his mother of being ill, and feared lest he should not be able to resume his business during the afternoon. In a short time after he had occasion to retire to a backyard, when he was seized by some sudden illness and immediately fell on his face, blood profusely issuing from his mouth and nostrils. The poor young man survived only a very short time, and after receiving the rites of the church, he calmly expired. We regret to have to add that he was the only support of an aged and widowed mother.—*Sentinel.*

The continuation of the Bagenalstown line of railway to Borris was opened formally for traffic, and on the train reaching Borris, its occupants were received with every demonstration of welcome by a large assemblage, who flocked to the station from all parts of the district. We wish the undertaking every prosperity and success, and trust that the day is not distant when the line shall be extended into our own local confines.—*Wexford Independent.*

The wife of Mr. Martin Farrell, pawnbroker in Carlow, when putting on her bonnet, complained of weakness, and in a short time after she expired. Deceased was a remarkably fine young woman, and is much regretted by her family and friends. Drs. Rawson and O'Meara were promptly in attendance, but life was extinct.

Clare.

Harry Brady, son of Luke Brady, Esq., of Ennis, was accidentally shot dead while fowling, his gun having exploded when crossing a ditch in pursuit of game. He was a young gentleman aged only nineteen years, and heir to a large property, at £6,000 a year. The remains of the much-lamented young gentleman were conveyed from the family mansion at Brooklawn, to their final resting-place, at Tomgraney churchyard, the funeral cortege being attended by the aristocracy of Clare and Limerick, and by numbers of persons of all classes, who felt the deepest sympathy with his bereaved parents in lamenting the melancholy and untimely death of this promising young gentleman.—*Journal.*

As a poor man, named John Kean, a herdsman, at Laghvally, was in the act of thatching his house, he fell through the roof, and was severely injured in the back.

Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Ennis, offers £100 reward for the restoration of his daughter, ten years old, and who, he says, may immediately be known, having two toes joined together.

Cork.

The Cork *Examiner* publishes the following extract of a letter received by the editor from W. S. O'Brien, Esq.: 'Although I disapprove more than I can express of secret societies, and up to this moment am unacquainted with the objects of the Phœnix Club, I cannot but feel much sympathy for the young men who are now under arrest. The mode in which they have been dealt with hitherto reminds me of the stories which have been heard of Austrian tyranny in the writings of Silvio Pellico and others. Whatever their offences may be, they ought to be confronted with their accuser—they ought to be assisted and protected by the presence of their legal advisers. They ought to be treated as innocent until they are proved guilty, and not punished by severe treatment in anticipation of a conviction which it is possible they may not have merited. These are fundamental requisites of justice common to all countries; but it appears, alas! they are still violated in Ireland.

The salary of the Clerk of the Kanturk Union has been reduced to £100 a year, and the salary of Dr. Barry raised to £80, but he is to do the duty of the apothecary.

We (Cork *Reporter*) regret to announce the death of Sir Wm. Lyons, J. P. for this city, at his residence at Woodhill terrace, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, after a short illness. Sir William was one of our leading merchants, having for many years been largely concerned in the butter trade. As a prominent member of the Liberal party he was elected to the dignity of the civic chair, in 1849. To his eldest son, William, who has, for years past, been concerned in managing the business in conjunction with him, the direction of that extensive and productive business is committed.

A strong wind, almost amounting to a hurricane, prevailed in Cork lately, accompanied with a heavy fall of rain. Several persons were injured in consequence of slates having fallen on them from the roofs of houses, and some streets in the flat of the city were flooded to a partial extent. The roof of a house, in which an hostler named Lynch resided, was blown off, and though his wife and children were sitting in one of the upper rooms, they were fortunately saved from any injury by the roof not giving way immediately.

The Bilboa, a steamer built in Cork harbor, is about to inaugurate the grand Russian enterprise of navigating the river Amour into the wilds of Tartary and Siberia. This craft, lying at Antwerp, has been just bought for that government, and starts with a cargo of small iron boats of lesser draught, built by Cockerill, of Liege. It is odd enough that Liege is French for Cork; both cities, it is hoped, will give buoyancy to the undertaking.

At a ploughing match, which came off at Mr. Keane's, near Charleville, the prize was carried off by the ploughman of Mr. Duane, of Ballynagrath, from one hundred competitors.

Donegal.

The results of the Eglinton proclamation, which in other parts of Ireland have filled some happy homes with sorrow and terror, are beginning to manifest themselves even in the remote wilds of Donegal. There, as in Belfast and the South, respectable young men have become the victims of that nefarious spy system which so frequently has deluged the scaffold with innocent blood, and sent many an afflicted father, many a fond mother, to rest with their murdered children in premature graves. A Jemmy O'Brien has been procured in Kilmacrenan, and, so far as the diabolical business has yet gone, he seems to promise plenty of work for the police, and a rich harvest to himself. This man's name is said to be M'Monagle, and it appears he was a member of whatever secret combination existed in this part of the country. It is considered to have been an agrarian society, and in no way whatever identical or similar to the "Phœnix Club." On informations sworn by him, four very respectable young men, named Roden (two brothers), Conningham and Murray, were arrested and brought before the magistrates at Milford, where, owing to the excellent character they bore, they were admitted to bail till called upon.

Down.

The inhabitants of Canal-street, Newry, and the vicinity were roused from their slumbers by the intimation that fire had broken out in Mr. Patrick M'Donnell's bakehouse, in that locality. The fire was completely subdued in less than an hour, and was attended with no other loss than the destruction of a quantity of hay, and part of the roof of the bakehouse. The cause of the fire was the ignition of a quantity of fir, which had been placed over the oven to dry.

A man (name unknown) neatly attired, and apparently a "tramp" in the tailor line, was found in a dying state at the side of the public road, in the townland of Clohog, about two miles out of Newry, by Constable Mavettee, of the Jonesborough Police. He was removed to an adjoining house, where he expired in great agony in about ten minutes.

We are sincerely happy to learn that the venerable and universally-beloved prelate of Dromore, whose health lately caused so much uneasiness to his numerous friends, has progressed so favorably that he was able to be out.

An old miser named Johnston, who has died in Newtownards, has left money and property to the amount of nearly £300. His house had been noticed shut for several days; the neighbors broke in the door, and discovered the wretched man a corpse.

Christmas Day, says the Newry *Herald*, was externally one of the dullest and dreariest days of the whole of a rather dull and dreary December. Rain fell almost incessantly, and nothing remained for it but to keep the house and make the best of indoor festivity.

Dublin.

The council of the Catholic University some time since announced its intention of granting to the students of that College (now nearly 200 in number) the privilege of matriculation, on their passing the usual examination for that purpose. On the 18th December, the examination was held in the University by the professors, and the following gentlemen having been successful, were declared matriculated students of the Catholic University of Ireland: Messrs. James Petit, John O'Neill, (Navan,) Joseph Timmon, Andrew English, Joseph O'Grady, Segrave, Fanning, Mulligan, and Short.

A meeting of the Acting Committee of the Irish Association for the repeal of the paper duty was held at the committee rooms, when several letters were read by the secretary from members of parliament and others consenting to act as vice-presidents and members of committee. Several subscriptions were also handed in. The list of vice-presidents of the association now contains the names of thirty-three Irish members of parliament.

Persons in America writing to their friends in Ireland, especially on political matters, will do well to bear in mind the subjoined, which we extract from the *Nation*: "We must strictly caution our home, as well as foreign correspondents, that the communications addressed to this office, as well as the letters passing between private citizens, are liable to be opened, read, plundered of enclosures, and, possibly, never delivered at all, by the police agents of the civilized, moral, and virtuous British government. The private letters of even the advocate of the young men now in the gripe of the jailer in the south of Ireland have been opened in the Post Office by government agents, read, *copied*, we believe, and, in some instances, altogether detained. This is certainly one way of pimping for evidence: one way of proving to the world the glorious advantages of the British Constitution and Trial by Jury, in which a man is 'innocent until proved guilty.' Communications passing even between parties never known to mix in politics are not exempt. In most cases, just now, the time occupied in the transit of a letter usually delivered in twenty-four hours, is a week. The British government having avowed and defended the practice, we are merely desirous of cautioning all correspondents to recollect that we live under a spyism more mean than that of Fouche—a Despotism clad in Constitutional garb, more shameless, more unscrupulous, than any to be found from Algeria to St. Petersburg."

Charles, Lever, Esq., the distinguished Irish novelist, has been appointed Vice-Consul at Spezia—*Packet.*

Galway.

Captain Waters, of the Prince Albert, has sent the following letter to the London *Times* in answer to the slanderous assertion made in that paper relative to the "discrepancies" in the log of that vessel. He says: "I notice in your money market article of Friday, that a writer in Liverpool over the anonymous signature of 'Fairplay' complains of my log on the last voyage from America in the steamship Prince Albert to Galway. 'Fairplay' says it is the custom of the Liverpool ocean steamers from New York, Boston or Halifax, to calculate the time of arrival at Rock light, the entrance of the Mersey. If, then, it is the custom of the Liverpool steamers 'to calculate the time of arrival at the Rock light, at the entrance of the Mersey,' why should the Galway steamers be prohibited from culculating their time of arrival at the Arran Island light, at the entrance of the harbor of Galway? My log is noted as taking my departure from Sandy Hook, the entrance of the harbor of New York, and my arrival is noted at the Arran Island light, the entrance of the harbor of Galway, and I made the run from the harbor of St. John's to the Arran Island lights, as stated in my log, in five days sixteen and a half hours. 'Fairplay' asserts that the Persia on one occasion made the run from St. John's to the Mersey in five days thirteen hours. 'Fairplay' can, no doubt, produce the log of the Persia, and which, if he does not wish to mislead, he will now publish. It will prove, according to his own showing, that the Persia would have made the run to Galway in four days seventeen hours. In conclusion, I may say that I cannot understand how any one can find fault with my log. Every point is fairly and openly stated. It was not intended to mislead, nor has it had the effect, as I believe, of misleading any one. The time that a steamer would occupy in running from Arran Island to the anchorage in Galway would be two hours."

The Ballinasloe *Star* says: "Several individuals connected with this neighbourhood have taken advantage of the facilities afforded by the Lever line of packets, and have actually come over to spend their Christmas this year with their relations in old Ireland. In every instance which has come under our notice the visitors have come well prepared to make the Christmas a merry one. The passage made by the Prince Albert from St. John's to Galway is an important fact, and makes the case in favor of an Irish packet station irresistible. The accomplishment of a voyage across the Atlantic in 5 days and 16 hours is a feat quite unprecedented, and could not have taken place between any part of America and any other than an Irish port."

The Rev. Mr. Daly has this winter given 220 suits of new warm clothes to the most destitute and best deserving of the boys of the Lombard street (Galway) National Schools, which, with 90 suits given by the reverend gentleman last March, make 310 for this year. The almost unlimited charities of the Rev. Mr. Daly in the town of Galway are only equalled by his princely hospitality. He has done much for religion, for education, for the public charities, and for the improvement of that town. He has erected churches, chapels, and scholhouses, and founded asylums and convents.

Among the arrivals at Galway from America, by the Prince Albert, there was a Patagonian of the extraordinary dimensions of seven feet nine inches in height, and weighing 35 1-2 stones. He is aged eighteen years, and handsome featured. Curiously enough, he is accompanied by one of the smallest women ever seen. Her height is 2 1-2 feet; aged 40. They left by the four o'clock train for Liverpool.

As a turf boat, with three men, were coming down Lough Corrib, they were overtaken with a squall, and, melancholy to relate, the boat was upset, and the three men met a watery grave. Two of the unfortunate men were shortly after recovered from their watery bed. The third man has not as yet been found. Roache and Mangan are the names of two of the unfortunate men.—*Express.*

The Professorship of English Law in the Queen's College, Galway, is vacant by the resignation of Hugh Law, one of the leading juniors of the North-East Circuit. Forty candidates are in the field for the vacant office—the value of which is £150 per annum.

John Lloyd Bagot, of Hermitage, Gort, has been appointed a magistrate of county Galway.

Kerry.

Richard C. Harnett, of Listowel, lost three fine cows in consequence of their getting too much turnip leaves. They were found in the morning dead, two of them stretched where they got the leaves the night before, and the other some distance away.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The Earl of Kenmare has generously distributed the sum of one thousand pounds among the poorer depositors resident in Killarney, in the late Tralee Savings Bank, which closed. His lordship gave a similar sum last Christmas.

Kilkenny.

The public will be glad to hear that in no city in Ireland is there such absence of crime as in Kilkenny. Our quarter sessions commence to-day, and for the last three months this city has only one case to be brought before the assistant basrister! and even this one is a mere larceny at the workhouse. We say it with pride that Kilkenny will bear comparison in this respect with any city in Europe; and our firm belief is that no city in Europe can compare with it for the peace and order which characterize its inhabitants.—*Journal.*

Limerick.

It is supposed, says the Munster *News*, that the informer against the young men and lads in Kerry, who are charged with membership of the foolish Phœnix confederacy, expects to pocket no less than £1,000 of the public money—to be made up in sums of £50 for each member proved to have been enrolled, and £100 for each proved to have tendered the illegal and secret oath- Thus with the people's own money the people's own children are entrapped and sold.

Five valuable heifers, the property of John Maurice Hunt, Bushy Island, died suddenly after eating a quantity of fraham leaves off trees which had been recently cut down to make material for fences. This unfortunate accident may serve as a warning to farmers, and thus prevent the recurrence of such a calamity.

The Limerick *Chronicle* says: "The Hon. Mrs. Osborne, when returning from this city, dropped a valuable gold watch at Birdhill, which was found by two countrymen, who honestly returned it to the owner."

The Lord Chancellor has appointed William Gough Gubbins, of Woodsdown, a magistrate for the county of Limerick.

Louth.

Mr. John Farley, of Faughart, writing to Dundalk, states that his late landlord, Dominick Daly, Esq., of Newry, has permitted him to sell the tenant-right of the farm he held at Faughart, and situated on the property there lately purchased by Mr. Daly in the Encumbered Estates Court, for which Mr. Farley feels most grateful. Mr. Farley also thanks his Catholic neighbors for the kind feeling they have shown towards him in sending seventy carts to aid him in removing his effects to his ancient residence at Carlingford. We are glad to see Mr. Daly giving such a good example to his brother landlords; it is most creditable to him. —*Newry Herald.*

On Saturday, 24th Dec., the police were busy in posting the Queen's Proclamation in different parts of the town of Drogheda. It is printed on a broad sheet, in bold type. Crowds of persons stopped to read and comment on the document—some of the remarks were characteristic and amusing enough. They said the Government (alluding to the rewards offered) had money to spare. Others said "The lion and unicorn looked very pretty up there—that they were a pair of handsome birds;" while others, when leaving, cried out—"All right"—don't you which you may catch them (the Ribbonmen)! —*Drogheda Conservative.*

John Bryne, of Crossabey, thought he heard a noise outside his door, took out his gun, fired a shot, and on firing a second, with a view of deterring any person from coming about his place, the breech flew off, and struck him in the eye and on the nose, injuring him severely. Dr. Gartland visited him, and entertains hopes of his recovery.—*Advertiser.*

On Christmas morning, a widow, named Margaret Gilmartin, aged twenty-eight years, committed suicide at her house in Bridge-street, Dundalk, by cutting her throat in a frightfully rough manner with a table knife.

Mayo.

During the thunder-storm which raged letely, the lightning struck the house of a small farmer living at Toorbrack, near Westport, rent the house asunder, and killed two cows which were tied at the end of the dwelling, without injuring any of its human inmates.—*Constitution.*

Meath.

Mr. Patrick Collins, a most respectable inhabitant of the town of Trim, died recently at the police barrack of Kildalkey, where he had been only a short half hour before full of life and strength. He left the barrack driving his own car to Trim, and soon after some laborers found the horse dashing along and dragging an empty car. They stopped the horse, and on returning found Mr. Collins on the road, yet alive, but suffering greatly. He was brought back to the barrack where he died, just having had the last rights of the Church administered to him.—*People.*

Tipperary.

The announcement that John Digan, Esq., of Ballina House, has been the purchaser of a few lots of the Henry property, lately sold out in the Landed Estates Court, has brought a heartfelt joy and satisfaction to some few anxious firesides in the neighborhood of Killaloe and Ballina. The purchase money amounted to about £7,000.

Waterford.

At no period for the last seven years was our city and county in a more peaceable and quiet condition. Eight years ago our county prison contained four hundred prisoners, some of whom were convicted of crimes of the highest enormity. The number now in the county prison of tried and untried prisoners amounts to the small number of thirty-two, and none of those are amenable to justice for the more grievous offences which at times swell the calendar. In the city prison the same wholesome condition of affairs is to be found. The offenders in the city jail amount to only five, and in the penitentiary, too, a few over twenty. The winter season usually increases the list of offenders—it is not so at this period, and we may heartily congratulate both county and city on the improved state of society.—*Mail.*

Wexford.

The neighborhood of Kilmore was visited lately by a tempest of awful violence. The clouds hung unusually low, and the thunder burst with appalling noise. One peal was preceded by a large ball of fire, which fell in the road opposite the shop of Mrs. Furlong, and exploded with a terrific sound. At Neemstown, however, the effect will long be remembered. The cottage of a man named Flood was struck by the electric fluid. Two windows were broken, the upper part of one was thrown outward—the rest, with the stone sill, was forced into the house. So tremendous was the noise that a deaf child heard it; and some of the neighbors who were out declared they thought the house was on fire—it was enveloped in flames. The oldest inhabitants declare they never saw any tempest to equal it in this locality.—*Gurdian.*

A poor man while proceeding through Chapellane, in Newtownbarry, fell down and expired immediately. An inquest was held on the body of deceased, by the coroner, and a verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.

LETTER OF REV. DR. CAHILL.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN IRELAND.

The late Lord Cloncurry, in speaking of our viceregal administration, used to say, that in all his experience he had never known but one Lord Lieutenant who understood the Government of Ireland. He continued to say that several of our Chief Governors had not the capacity to rule this distracted country, many had not a zealous will to execute the task, and that the remainder were so prejudiced by antinational notions, or infected by local Orange rancors as to render the Castle the centre of a party confederacy and a mockery of State justice. Those who had been honored by the familiar acquaintance of Lord Cloncurry can never forget his scathing denunciations of all the Viceroys known to his long life; nor can the reader form any idea of the scalding satire which he so unsparingly discharged against the incurable viceregal epidemic which seized its victim the moment he set his feet within the Castle gates. The idea of this most venerable of Irish noblemen was, that the Castle yard and official premises *in his days*, were a microcosm, where the sun was something like Will-o'-the-Wisp; where the National Boardroom was the miniature of an Orange lodge; and where Privy Councils and Commissioners and Judicatures were carried on for the torture of the people by a revengeful class of pigmies, far below the standard described by Swift, in the kingdom of Lilliput.

Without intending to apply in any grudging sense to the present Administration, this picture of former Castle microcosms, there can be no doubt that Lord Eglinton has been deceived by his official Informants, in reference to the "present wide-spread treason and rebellion, and ribbonism of Ireland!" And his loud sounding Proclamation, introduced under the flourish of trumpets, and the discharge of ordnance, will soon turn out in the face of this nation, to be nothing more or less than "a storm in the teapot!" When the advisers of the Chief Governor force him to call out all the power of the State to catch a mouse, or to crush a fly on a wheel, they expose their master, in spite of the decided popular feeling in his favor, to national anger, or perhaps contempt; and they place him in the character of the libeller, and not the friend of the people, whom it is his duty to judge with justice and not to malign by misrepresentation. The late proclamation was evidently the production of advisers who wished to play the old game of branding Ireland as the incurable region of sedition and rebellion: thereby at once justifying the continued infliction of political penalty on the masses, rendering the Orange confederacy a state necessity for the preservation of public order, and supplying an argument to our enemies in the next parliament to oppose our claims to national justice. But if after all the fury of the Irish press, all the brutality of the English organs, it will turn out that there is no Ribbon Society in Ireland; that there is no agrarian confederacy; that no laborer, no farmer in the kingdom is an accomplice in any illegal combination, how explain the ignorance at the Castle of the social condition of Ireland? or rather how justify the palpable libel of the proclamation? Surely it will not be maintained that an attorney's clerk, a grocer's assistant, and a schoolmaster, can mean the people of Ireland; and their supposed guilt is rendered still more dublous when reference is made to the base testimony of the approver who, far and away below the degradation belonging to his class, stands in the lowest point of the professional turpitude hitherto developed in Ireland.

If the government punish subjects on the testimony of informers and approvers, they are themselves likely to commit crimes far more heinous than those which they purpose to correct. The murder of Mr. Ellis was a foul assassination; but if Spillane the approver swore *falsely* and was believed *too rashly*, on whose head rests the death of the Cormacks? If the judicial belief in Spillane's oath was *rash* and *culpable*, by what name are we to call the death of the Cormacks?—is it assassination? If they were innocent, and if Spillane's testimony was received without *just consideration*, the Cormacks were publicly murdered. An approver's oath, therefore, received with *culpable* haste might make a government more guilty than the original assassin.

Most of my readers will recollect the name of Delahunt, who was hanged, about the year 1842, for having murdered, near Turner's iron works, in Dublin, a fine boy, about seven years of age, the only child of a poor widow. This case was so thrilling, and the culprit being so young (only eighteen years of age), I, with another, had the shuddering curiosity to go to the prison where he was confined, to behold with my own eyes the young face of the monster who could perpetrate a crime of cold-blooded atrocity unequalled, under all the circumstances, in the annals of fiendish cruelty for heartless diabolical horror. This wretch was (they say) employed at the Castle, in the Police department, for giving information in cases of secret crimes; he had ten shillings a week. Wanting money, as he himself confessed, and having no real cases to communicate, he conceived the idea of murdering the child, and then informing the authorities that he saw the mother cut the throat of her own child! The informer received his weekly stipend, ten shillings; the poor mother was of course arrested, thrown into gaol, and a cry of horror was raised against her, which no one can ever forget who then lived in Dublin. But God is just; and the crushed heart of the maniac mother soon got relief from the charge of murder! The over-guarding eye of Providence was in this sad case most distinguished. A chain of evidence, unsurpassed in the annals of jurisprudence, traced the murderer, step by step, from the spot where he first *seduced* the boy with sugar cakes, in the morning, to the fatal lonely wall where he plunged the knife in his throat. The jury were astounded, found the monster guilty; and his death stands a warning monument of the danger and the guilt of relying on the testimony of a hired Government spy, a paid Governnent informer.

When the Government received information some months past, why employ paid spies in the person of informers and approvers, when according to their own statements they had police evidence long since to arraign the guilty parties, and to punish them according to the laws? This connivance, therefore, at the early movements of an illegal society (if it has existed); this encouragement of Sullivan; this belief in his testimony which may be false, is altogether a conduct which indicates in the Government a disposition to magnify rather than diminish the *imputation* of Irish disorder; a desire to catch rather than to prevent Irish criminals; to blow into a flame rather than to extinguish Irish discontents; in a word, all this secret scheme looks like a Government combination, perhaps more wicked than the Phœnix Society, to damage the name of the country before the assembled Parliament, and to withdraw rather than increase all concession to our claims on national justice.

How much more laudably employed would the government be in assuaging the inappeasable ferocity of the cruel landlords of Ireland towards their afflicted tenantry; in teaching them the law of God towards their fellow-creature; and in presenting for their example the conduct of an English landlord towards his English tenantry, or a Scotch nobleman towards his dependents. How mean would it be in England if the goverment laid a trap for the former Chartists and then drove them into it by wicked stratagem; how unbecoming, if true, in the Irish government to send spies amongst children, clerks, and grocers' assistants to connive at their extravagance, till a favorable moment arrived—when they could be impeached and imprisoned and punished. This plan, once so well known, and practised in Ireland, is not in accordance with the present times; and it reminds us of the picture given by Lord Cloncurry of the Castle in his time, when it was a little world, lighted by delusion, conducted by bigotry, governed by Orange ascendancy; and where the entire Administration was a mimic farce on the actions of State officers, and the conduct of courts. One wicked landlord does more mischief by his heartless evictions than the generosity of one hundred of his class can repair. There never was a period of Irish history when a generous government was more wanted than at the present time, to form public confidence, to unite the nation, to develop our material resources, to gag the mouth of bigotry, to silence Orange ascendancy, and to put an end to the long sanguinary reign of handcuffs and the gibbet. D. W. C.

Tipperary, Wednesday, Dec. 29.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ENGLAND.

Death through Stealing Rum.—A seaman, named George Johns, met his death, at Gloucester, through his clothes catching fire while stealing rum. The deceased was one of the crew of a schooner, lying in the Gloucester Docks, alongside another named the Eliza, which had a cargo of rum. He took a teakettle and a gimlet, and with the latter he bored a hole in one of the rum puncheons, but as the liquor did not run out sufficiently fast he bored a vent-hole in the top of the cask, and endeavored to catch it in the kettle. It, however, spirted over him, saturating his clothes, and as he had a light with him he speedily became enveloped in flames. He rushed frantically on deck and endeavored to escape to his own ship, a part of which he set on fire. The captain, who was below, was aroused by the noise, and the flames were extinguished, but the man was found to be insensible, and shockingly burnt. He lingered in great agony until the next evening, when he expired.

Another Lady Destroyed by Fire.—A shocking accident occurred on the 11th ult., resulting in the death of Mrs. Eckett, widow, residing in Arboretum street, Derby. Mrs. Eckett having put her two youngest children to bed, was dressing her hair by a glass over the chimneypiece, when her dress, which was muslin, and expanded in the dangerous fashion of the day, was drawn towards the fire and ignited. Attempts were made to envelope her in the hearthrug and table-cover, but she threw them off and rushed into the street, screaming fearfully; the draught, of course, added to the intensity of the fire; and before the neighbors, who were alarmed by her screams and hastened to assist in extinguishing the flames, could succeed in doing so, she was severely burnt in nearly every part of her body. Every attention was paid to the sufferer, but she gradually sank from the injuries inflicted and the shock sustained by the system.—*Derbyshire Advertiser.*

India.—Great importance attaches itself to the movements of the redoubtable Tantia Topee on the ground that he is no other than the far famed Nana Sahib, of whom we have lately lost sight. The London *Morning Star* says: "A very curious piece of news has reached us by the last mail from India; indeed so curious that we will at once mention our direct authority, before reminding our readers of its probability. An officer in command of a cavalry regiment, and who has been within four miles of Tantia Topee, expresses his full conviction that Tantia Topee is no other than Nana Sahib himself. The rumors of the Nana's immediate appearance were, it seems, universal just before Tantia Topee's crossing the Nerbudda, and the persons to whom the officer in question had spoken with, are, he says, unanimous on the point that it is Nana Sahib who is dodging our columns in Central India under the name of Tantia Topee."

Awful State of England.—The third page of a London morning paper contains the details of the following atrocious outrages: "The Andover murder—the prisoner's wife charged as an accomplice;" "The shocking tragedy in Jersey—a woman shot by her brother;" "Attempted wife murder at Stepney;" "A young man charged with shooting his sweetheart;" "The supposed murder and suicide at Waltham-cross;" The late tragedy at Halifax;" "Another outrage by poachers;" and "The extraordinary case of defrauding a German at Chelsea." If an Irish newspaper had contained the perpetration of so many outrages in Ireland, that country would have been unhesitatingly designated as the very hot-bed of crime and degradation, and worthy of the severest inflictions of Lynch law.

A Remarkable Trance.—A young female residing at Somersall, near Uttoxeter, lately fell into a trance, and remained in it twelve days. During the whole time she did not, of course, take any food, nor once speak, and the only evidence of vitality was a slight warmth of the body, and a feeble pulsation. A reaction, however, at length took place, when she turned over on her bed, and in her rambling talk was heard to say, "How hard it is to love and not to be loved!"

At Hardingham, Norfolk, a man made a wager in a public-house that he would eat a pound of raw sausages in two minutes; he performed his undertaking within the given time, and had said: "What do you think of that?" in a kind of boast; at the same instant, the last sausage appears to have been rejected from the stomach, and he became apparently suffocated. Medical aid was called in, but all means to restore animation were unavailing.

A cat belonging to the station master at Halewood, Warrington, was attempting to cross the railway, when a passing train caught her. The poor animal got between the spokes of one of the wheels, and, after being whirled round for about thirty yards, escaped with only very slight injury, but with considerable fright.

Mr. Bright and the reformers are carrying all before them. The *Times* objects to the extension of parliamentary reform to Ireland, on the ground that it would strengthen the hands of the "Papists" and the priests.

Mr. Graves, of Pall mall, the print publisher, is about to erect a monument over the grave of Sir Robert Strange, the great engraver, in the Church of St. Paul, Covent garden.

Mr. Albert Smith has sold his narrative of his recent visit to China to Messrs. Routledge.

SCOTLAND.

"Born to Blush Unseen."—Under this head we find the following paragraph in the Banff *Journal*: "While strolling by the banks of the Avon we entered a shepherd's humble cot, and was no little astonished at the scene which greeted our view. A rude shelf hung at the side loaded with such books as these—Buchannan's 'History of Scotland,' the British Poets, Goldsmith, Locke, &c., all bearing marks of careful perusal. The shepherd also showed us some of his drawings, in which lurked the genius of taste and beauty, and some pieces of poetry, which bore evident marks of the inspiration of the 'nine.' Surely examples like this go far to show that the shepherds among the bonny Highlands of Scotland have not far degenerated since the days of Buchannan and Brown."

Curious Colliary Accident.—James Hunter, a miner, entered into one of the colliery tubs or hutches intending to descend Mr. Bonar's pit at Keannet Village. After proceeding a small way down the pit, the lowest iron hoop of the hutch fell off. Hunter feared the worst, but ere he had time for reflection, out went the bottom of the hutch, and Hunter himself was precipitated to the bottom of the pit, a depth of fourteen fathoms. After some delay the unfortunate man was again hoisted to the surface, and, strange to say, he was able to walk home without much assistance. Medical aid was immediately obtained, but it was found that not a bone of Hunter's body was broken.

Burns' Centenary.—It is worthy of notice, at the present time especially, that Burns, writing to his earliest patron, Gavin Hamilton, in 1786, thus expresses himself: "For my own affairs, I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas a Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect, henceforth, to see my birthday inscribed among the wonderful events, in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen Almanacs along with the Black-Monday and the battle of Bothwell bridge.—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

FRANCE.

Horrible Case.—The Assizes Court of the Seine is now occupied with a horrible and disgusting case. A man, thirty years of age, is accused of murdering his niece, aged only fifteen. The body of the poor girl was found a month or two ago terribly knocked about, in a field near Pantin, and suspended to a tree, so as to suggest the idea of suicide. But suspicion at once attached to the accused, who, it was known, had previously made an attack upon his neice. On the night when the murder was committed he acknowledged he had been with her several hours; but she had slipped away from him, he said, on the Place de la Bastile, and he had seen nothing more of her until he found her dead.

Cure of Cancer.—A highly important case in therapeutics and surgical practice is now occupying the faculty of Paris. The eminent musical inventor, Sax of the saxhorn, has been long a sufferer from cancer, and the leading physicians there, Velpeau and Ricord, who had been in attendance, pronounced him incurable. A practitioner lately arrived from India and the Dutch settlements in the Spice Islands, Dr. Vries, has brought home a plant he calls *anticancereuse.* It has been applied now for four months, and seems to have completely arrested the phagedenic process. If Vries succeed, a new benefactor to humanity, of the Jenner class, has arisen.

The Shipping Interest of France.—According to a table in the *Moniteur* of Paris, the number of French vessels which entered the different ports of France during eleven months of 1858 was 11,838, as compared with 1857, a decrease of 378 vessels, and an increase of 42,776 tons. The number of departures in 1858 was 8,474, being an increase of 2,072 vessels, and 175,000 tons. The number of foreign vessels which have arrived in the eleven months of the year 1858 was 12,423, being a decrease of 1,373 vessels, and 312,649 tons; the departures 9,788 vessels, being an increase of 1,561 vessels, and 93,160 tons.

Rossini.—"Rossini," says the *Courrier de Paris,* "having returned to Paris for the winter, gave a grand musical party a few nights ago, at which four original pieces of his composition were executed. One was a grand scena, the 'Catalani,' which was sung by M. le Mainvielle, Rossini accompanying on the piano; a 'Saltarello,' composed only a few days before, which Rossini himself performed on the piano; a duo, full of melancholy, called 'A Tear,' which was executed on the piano and violincello; and, lastly, a fugue for the piano. All these productions excited the greatest admiration."

Setting up Humpty-Dumpty.—There is a good caricature in the Paris *Charivari.* Britannia, with helmet on head and trident in hand, and France, represented by a soldier of the line, are straining every nerve to set upright a ponderous door which had fallen down, and upon which is inscribed the words, "Sublime Porte." The Sultan sitting on the ground in an attitude of helpless imbecility, with his hands clasped over his knees, is looking at them. The French soldier says to him—"*Dites donc, Vami—il nous semble que vous pourriez bieno nous aider un petit peu.*"

The Press in Paris.—The following purports to be a correct return of the daily circulation of the principal Paris papers: *Siecle,* 36,500; *Constitutionnel,* 26,000; *Patrie,* 18,000; *Moniteur,* 15,000; *Debats,* 9,000; *Pays,* 8,000; *Messager,* 5,500; *Univers,* 5,500; *Union,* 5,200; *Charivari,* 1,800.

Fish Breeding in France.—A very remarkable result of pisciculture has been lately obtained in the department of Meurthe, when from a small stream the enormous weight of 25,000 kilogrammes of bleak, equivalent to about 54,000 lbs., was taken during the late season. The scales of this fish are used for making artificial pearls. By an ingenious process they are reduced to a kind of lustrous paste called Essence d'Orient, and the French artificial pearls are simply small hollow glass balls coated inside with this paste and filled with white wax.

The *Moniteur de Calvados* announces that M. Choisy, the head of a commission house in Caen, in the rape oil and seed trade, fled recently, leaving a deficiency of 400,000 francs. He transacted business as usual on Saturday, received and made payments, and on Monday he was declared a bankrupt by the Chamber of Commerce. M. Choisy enjoyed a high reputation, and his credit was almost unlimited.

A new species of revolver has been tried lately at Vincennes. Report speaks highly of this new invention; and should the experiments continue to give as favorable results as before, the majority of the cavalry regiments will be forthwith armed with the weapon. The facilities for loading and discharging excel those of Colt's revolver in a very remarkable degree.

Accounts received in Paris from the Indian Seas announce that the second son of the Sultan of Anjouan, the largest island of the Comores, off the coast of Madagascar, had quitted his native place to come to Paris. The lad is eleven years of age, and he is to be educated in France. He is coming with an European family from Mayotte.

The Marseilles and Toulon Railway is expected to be opened to the public on the 1st of March. Four million francs will be expended in continuing the railway from Toulon to Nice.

BELGIUM.

Adventures of a Belgian Sailor.—A Belgian vessel called the Leopold ran, in a violent storm, on a rock, on the 12th of April last, near one of the Falkland islands, on the coast of Patagonia, and went to pieces. It was supposed that all her crew, nine in number, and their officers, had perished. But the authorities of Ostend have received a letter from a sailor, named Declerk, of that town, one of the crew, announcing that he alone escaped. It appears that he swam from the wreck with the captain and some of the men towards an island which they saw near, but he alone reached it, the others being drowned by the violence of the sea. He found no inhabitants on the island, and had to live on some bits of bread which had been washed ashore, wild celery, and some birds, which he killed with a stick. He happened to have matches on him, and succeeded in lighting a fire, which he fed with turf. To make his fire burn well, he partly surrounded it with some planks washed ashore from the wreck. In the night of the 5th the wind blew these planks into the fire and they were consumed. He thought this a terrible misfortune, but it was the means of saving him. A ship happened to be passing two miles off, and seeing the rising smoke—an extraordinary thing on a desert island—some of her crew disembarked. They found the poor fellow crouching over the fire, and on hearing his tale they took him on board, provided for his wants, and on the 1st of June landed him at the port of Stanley.

ITALY.

Visitors at Rome.—Arrivals have continued rapidly, and the city is beginning to assume the gay aspect which it always wears when the hotels are full and the Carnival is approaching. Amongst the most recent visitors are the Archduke Louis of Austria, Lord and Lady Lismore, Capt. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Marshall, the Earl and Countess of Sheffield, the Hon. Douglas Holroyd, Col. Sir William Davison and family, Sir John and Lady Duckworth and family, Lady Mordaunt and family, the Hon. James F. Stuart Wortley, Hon. Mr. and Lady Chichester and family, Princess Duronsoff and family, Prince and Princess Wertheim, Prince and Princess Camporeale, Count Stroganoff, and a host more of titled dignitaries from various parts of the Continent.—*Letter from Rome.*

Lombardy.—The exact strength of the Austrian army in Italy is known only to a few military men of the highest rank, but there is reason to believe that not more than 90,000 men are now in Venice, Lombardy, and the Papal Legations. There are thirteen regiments of the Line, with three and four regiments, with four battalions, ten companies of Rifles, twenty-four squadrons of mixed Cavalry, and an immense force of Artillery. In case of need a reinforcement of twelve regiments of the Line and sixteen squadrons can be in Lombardy within a week.

The *Unione* of Turin has the following from Lombardy: "On the 11th December a curious demonstration took place at Pavia, when a large number of citizens and students paraded the principal streets, four and five days, each with the stump of a clay pipe in his mouth, the bowl being empty and turned downwards, meaning thereby that the procession represented the funeral of the pipe, all those who had taken part in it pledging themselves to forswear tobacco."

The Florentines possess Ristori at the Cocomero Theatre, but the tragedy of Judith is not acted by her, as the Ducal police wanted to suppress the final hymn of patriotic jubilee, and the actress would consent to no curtailment.

A letter from Lombardy, in the *Opinione* of Turin, states that on the night of the 8th December, the sentinel stationed at the Military Forage Magazine at Pavia, perceiving a flickering light at some distance, went to the spot, and found that an attempt had been made to set fire to one of the doors of the depot, by laying on oil of turpentine with a brush and then applying lucifer matches. The flame, which had begun to rise, was easily put out, but the culprits were nowhere to be found. During the same night, the letter states that several Austrian soldiers were pelted with stones by an unseen hand in passing through a lonely street.

SPAIN.

Barber Surgeons in Spain.—The official journal contains an advertisement of the Alcalde of Riesa, to the effect that the locality is in want of a surgeon, who is to have five thousand reals a year. In Spain every village is obliged, if its resources will admit, to have a surgeon, who is either paid in corn or money. One of his duties is to shave, in person or by proxy, all the rate-payers once a week.

The Spanish papers still continue to record disasters occasioned by tempests and inundation. The Guidalvacar, a rapid torrent in the province of Cordova, had carried away a raft on which three of the railway operatives were endeavoring to cross the swollen waters. Two of these unfortunate men were drowned. On the coast of Cantarabia two schoorners, the San Ignacio and Amelia, had foundered; the crew of the latter, with few exceptions, having miserably perished.

AUSTRIA.

M. Ballogh, a Hungarian, asserts that he has managed to square the circle, and he has just sent copies of his work on the subject, which contains numerous diagrams, to the Academy of Science in Vienna and Paris, and to the heads of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

The brothers Lowenstein, of Frankfort, lately bought at Vienna, for £2,800, a valuable collection of curiosities which belonged to the late Baron Dietrich. The deceased, who left about £900,000, gave five times as much for his curiosities as they have now fetched.

At the end of the year 1859 there will be in Austria 543 miles of railroad open to circulation, of which 518 were built in the last twenty years. The Archduke-Governor of Hungary has just opened a bridge of the railroad Zegeden.

SWITZERLAND.

A startling piece of intelligence reached Paris in the shape of a telegram from Basle. It is nothing less than the announcement of the invasion of the Swiss territory by a detachment of French troops. The telegram bears date Sunday, 19th Dec., and its tenor runs that a detachment of French troops having penetrated into the Valley des Dappes, and advanced on the Swiss territory towards St. Cergues, the Federal Government has demanded explanations at Paris. Great indignation, it adds, prevails in Switzerland, and the language of the press is very strong. The fact that the Imperial Government had laid claim to the Valley of the Dappes, and that the matter had been discussed with more or less quietness by the Austrian and French journals, could scarcely prepare one for this announcement.

The *Courier des Alps* says: "It is a fact worthy of remark that the four principal employments of the republic of Geneva are at present occupied by Catholics—namely, that of chief of the executive power, which has just been filled by M. Fontanel; President of the Grand Council, M. Vuy; President of the Municipal Administration, M. Campeiro; and President of the High Court of Justice, M. Chaumontel."

RUSSIA.

Justice in Russia.—A St. Petersburg letter relates the following story: "Prince Leon Kotchoubey, of a rich and ancient family, a man of an imperious character, had long employed as his land agent an Austrian named Saltzmann. About a year ago, when they were alone together in the Prince's cabinet, a warm discussion arose about some account. A pistol was suddenly fired, which wounded the agent in the side. When some of the household rushed in to see what had taken place, the Prince accused Saltzman of having fired the pistol at himself in a spirit of revenge and to drag the Prince into a criminal trial. On the other hand, the agent asserted that Prince Leon had fired at him in a fit of rage. The case came before a police tribunal presided over by a General Pool. The influence brought to bear on the court led to a declaration that the Prince was innocent, and the unfortunate Saltzmann, being declared guilty of wounding himself, was thrown into prison. The sentence, in due time, received the confirmation of the Governor of St. Petersburg, and the affair seemed at an end. The wife of the imprisoned man, however, was a woman of energy, and she went about from door to door with her four young children, imploring every one to aid her in obtaining justice. She was at last called to Tsarskee Selo, and also imprisoned, leaving the children to be provided for by any one who might have pity on them. Public rumor brought the case to the knowledge of the Emperor, and he ordered an inquiry to be instituted by the Senate. The following are said to be its dispositions: 1. Saltzmann, having been unjustly condemned, has a right to fix the indemnity which the Prince should pay him; secondly, the governor who confirmed the sentence cannot be reached in his person as he is dead, but his memory shall be branded with reprobation; and thirdly, General Pool is to be tried for injustice, and his two assistants in the affair shall be similarly treated.'

A serious affair took place in the early part of November between the Russians and the Circassians in the neighborhood of Anapa. A fort occupied by the former was carried, after a sanguinary combat, by the Circassians, under the command of Ibrahim Pacha, son of Sefer Pacha. The Russian garrison, consisting of 200 men, were overpowered by numbers, and a large quantity of arms fell into the power of their assailants.

The Emperor seems determined that the emancipation of the serfs shall not be emancipation merely in name. He is giving them with their freedom that security without which freedom would be worthless, and this he accomplishes by conferring on them a genuine and valuable Tenant Right.

The plan of serf emancipation for Poland consists in commuting their forced labor for a lease at a reserved rent, revokable by either party. The land so let can never be repurchased by the proprietor, or by any one in trust for him.

The "African Roscius" is quite a lion just now at Petersburg: his performance of *Othello* (December 5) appears to have taken by storm the Russian auditory, who came to laugh at a negro, but remained to applaud.

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Revolutionary Incident.—Dr. McChesney, of Trenton, N. J., a man of fine scholarship and great research, is responsible for the following remarkable incident in our revolutionary history. The success of Washington at Trenton has been generally considered as the turning point in the war of our independence. Yet few are perhaps aware upon how slight an event this great critical action was made to hinge. On the Christmas eve, when Washington crossed the Delaware, Colonel Rahl, the commander of the Hessians, sat in a private room near Trenton, engaged in drinking wine and playing cards. A tory, who had discovered the movements of the American troops, sent a note by a special messenger to the Colonel, with orders to deliver it into his own hands. The messenger found his way to the house, and a negro opened the door, but refused him admittance, took the letter and delivered it to the Colonel, who was just shuffling for a new game. Supposing the letter to be unimportant, or not stopping to think at all, he went on with his play, the reading of the letter would have thwarted the design of Washington. But the love of play conquered the Colonel's prudence and gave success to a worthier cause, involving the loss of his life and army, and ultimately the freedom of the Colonies. Little did the Colonel think, when he was shuffling the cards, that he was losing the greatest game that ever was played among the nations of the world.

The Secret of Eloquence.—I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz.: That at the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These off-hand efforts were sometimes made in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, shaped and molded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantage you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your power of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears, Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

Northern Pacific Railroad.—A company of engineers, under the pay of the British Government, has been surveying the northern part of our continent, going westward for the purpose of locating a route for a railroad to extend from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They have already principally explored the valley of the Saskatchewan, and report a mild climate to the Rocky Mountains, with but little snow during winter. Early in the spring, another party of engineers will start from Victoria to meet those coming from the East. Coal has been found on the route already surveyed, and the country seems to be quite practicable for a railroad. A company of British capitalists in London originated this scheme, and the object is to construct a great northern railroad for the purpose of attracting the trade from China, by Vancouver's Island, through Canada by the Grand Trunk Railroad to the Atlantic Ocean.

Disasters on the Western Rivers.—The St. Louis *Democrat* contains a report of the principal disasters which have taken place during the past year on the western rivers. Of steamboats sunk there were 74; burnt 19, and explosions 9. Lives lost by these, 259; property lost, $1,924,000—an enormous amount. Of the forty-seven steamboats sunk, no fewer than thirty-six were lost by snags and obstructions in the rivers, and it is calculated that by the expenditure of $30,000 in removing these, more than one-half of the accidents would have been prevented. A great many lives, beside the number given, were also lost by persons falling overboard off steamboats and small boats. The current of the mighty Mississippi is so resistless that when a person falls overboard into it he sinks to rise no more.

Manner and Matter.—There is a distinction between French orators and American which is strongly marked. It is this. The former understand, and the latter do not, that manner renders matter more attractive. Our orators are singularly deficient in the graces of their art. Their ideas of emphasis lie in pounding some unlucky table, pantomiming terrible blows with their fists at some unfortunate individual, and in the ungraceful bobbing of their bodies to the right and left alternately. Of the effect to be produced by vocal modulation they know absolutely nothing. And they are ignorant, too, that little provincialisms of pronunciation often strike the ears of the discriminating so ludicrously that the matter is lost sight of in the absurdity of the manner. Matter tells when read, but in oratory it must have the aid of manner to give it the desired effect.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

The Trade of Buffalo.—The receipts of flour and grain at Buffalo, New York, in 1858, by the lake were equal to 27,386,000 bushels, an increase of 7,667,672 bushels over 1857. The *Courier* says: "If we add to this the flour and grain brought up by canal, and the receipts by State Line railroad, we shall have a total of over twenty-eight millions of bushels of grain received this year—an increase of nearly eight million bushels over 1857, and a larger quantity, by some millions, than was ever received in any one year before." The increase in receipts of provisions is no less marked. The receipts in 1857 and 1858 compare as follows: Increase in pork 38,128 barrels; in beef 73,033 barrels; in lard 4,430,900 pounds; in bacon 2,939,197 pounds; in tallow 1,024,300 pounds; in butter 1,007,493 pounds, and in whiskey 15,861 bbls.

Avalanche on a Railroad.—At Huntington, recently, several tons of rock slid from a quarry, and buried the track of the Pennsylvania railroad to the depth of about six feet. The company have a sideling at this point for the purpose of standing their freight cars on, and on the night of the slide it was full of cars loaded with coal, four of which were crushed to pieces by the immense weight of rock that thundered against them. The watchman on this division, in passing this point, noticed some small stones rolling down the bank, but he was under the impression that some person was throwing at him, when, all of a sudden, the mighty mass left its bed with the noise of an earthquake, and he merely succeeded in making good his escape from being crushed beneath it.

A Warning.—A young man named Henry Lane, of Acton, Canada West, and extensively engaged in business, came to his death lately at Toronto in a melancholy manner. In company with other young men he visited several saloons and became very much intoxicated. About two o'clock on Saturday morning he was helped to an upper room of a saloon to go to bed, but after he was left alone he fell down, his lamp set fire to the bed, and before the fire was discovered he was suffocated. When extricated he was lifeless, but his clothes were but slightly scorched. He had many valuable papers in his pockets, and was connected with families of high respectability. His night's debauch cost him his life.

Another New Cent.—The new cent just struck at the mint in Philadelphia is a decided improvement over the one previously issued. It is of the same size, and composed of the same metal, as the old cent, but it is much prettier in its device. The reverse, like the old cent, has a wreath surrounding the legend "One Cent," but the obverse has fortunately discarded the hideous and screeching bird of prey with which the present cent is disfigured, and in its place has the head of an Indian woman with coronal feathers, and in the band the noble word of Liberty. Around the sides are the words "The United States of America," and the date 1859.

Our Best Parlors.—Don't keep a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month. Hang around your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living-room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lonely waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still homestead shall come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

At the Turners' ball at Madison, Wis., a young Norwegian met a girl of the same nativity for the first time, both fell desperately in love at first sight—held a brief consultation—sallied forth and hunted a squire—became one—returned—danced their socks off—retired—woke up in the morning delighted—put their necks patiently into the matrimonial yoke and are now tugging together on the up-hill of life. Sensible young Norwegians. Saved all the time, money, and taller candles usually spent in courting, besides a vast amount of blubber.—*Free Dem.*

Laugh On.—Laugh on, and never mind the censure of cynics. Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. It braces the nerves, makes the heart dance to pleasant music, and the very soul ring again with harmonious sounds. It is the delight of the good, makes sunshine when there would be all shadow and gloom, promotes domestic happiness, drives away sorrow, and prepares the mind for the exigencies of the future; so laugh on, but laugh discreetly, and in due season. Exuberant mirth does not become any one.

Sing Sing Prison.—There are at present at Sing Sing 1,013 male convicts, and 112 female. Mrs. Robinson, the veiled murderess, and Mrs. Littles are the lions among the latter. Mrs. Robinson is employed in trimming hats, when employed at all. For two months, she has been locked in her room, her conduct being so vicious as to render it necessary. She has wholly failed to make any one believe her insane. Mrs. Little is employed at the same business, and conducts herself with propriety. Huntington, the Wall street forger, is the lion among the male convicts. He is book-keeper to the cabinet shop.

The Weather.—Monday, the 10th inst., was the coldest day experienced in New York, during the present century. From 12 o'clock on Saturday night to 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the cold was most unusually severe, not only in this vicinity, but all over the eastern and northern States. Around Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, the mercury stood at sunrise on Monday from 30 degs. to 40 degs. below zero; and in the latitude of Boston, New-York and Buffalo, from 10 degs. to 20 below. In New York, on Monday, it was below zero all day; and on Tuesday morning from 5 degs. to 15 degs. below, according to location.

A Great Idea.—A correspondent of the Easton (Pa.) *Daily Times*, and who signs himself "Inventor," proposes to keep the Pacific Railroad out of the way of Indians, buffaloes, and other inconveniences, by suspending it from balloons, and holding it in its place by large magnets buried in the earth at regular intervals. A telegraphic wire could, he thinks, pass over the tops of the gas-bags, and the expense of the whole be less than the common plan by about $400,000,000. A sanguine inventor, this!

Consumption.—A physician of the homœopathic school has furnished us (*Scientific American*) with the following recipe for the weakening night sweats that are so common in consumptive cases. It is to rub the patient, every three or four days, all over with olive oil. By this means the perspiration will be reduced, and the strength of the sufferer be kept up.

There is said to be unusual destitution among the poor of some of the western cities, owing to the scarcity of work, and hard times for money. Should the winter prove severe, the suffering will be extreme. Fuel appears to be more needed than provisions, and the price of wood is very high, when compared with the rates of edibles at the present time.

A New Coal Bed in Virginia.—A new coal bed has recently been discovered in the vicinity of the South Fork of Hughes river in Ritchie County. From such examinations as have been made, this bed is supposed to be inexhaustible. This new coal is said to be the best yet discovered for the use of the steam-engine—especially for ocean steamers.

Land Sales in Wisconsin.—The President has signed a proclamation ordering a public sale of 4,300,000 acres of land in Wisconsin, in April and May, including alternate sections which belong to the Government along the railroad lines. Such lands as may not be sold will be subject to private entry.

Increase of Wool in Ohio.—The *Wool-Grower* for December gives a tabular statement of the number of sheep in Ohio, showing 3,308,883 head, which, at three pounds of wool per head, would be 9,926,649 pounds; an increase over last year of ten per cent., or nearly 1,000,000 pounds.

First Boat Through.—Though the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal will not be completed until the 1st of March, it was sufficiently advanced last week to admit the passage of the largest canal boat in the United States, which was towed through by the little steamer Calypso.

Repealed.—The Florida Legislature has repealed the law providing for the incarceration of free negro sailors while their vessels are in port. South Carolina, we believe, is now the only State that has such an enactment on her statute book.

Nuts for Poor Men.—It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much is worth so little. After all, is wealth worth the cost—first in acquiring it; next, in supporting it; and lastly, in bearing up under it when you have lost it?

A Valuable Calf.—Albert Allen, Esq., of Fayette County, Ky., sold a bull calf, fourteen months old, to J. M. Hill, of Illinois, for the sum of $700. His weight was 1,208 pounds.

Gambling is prosperous in San Francisco. A local paper says, "the establishments all keep their doors well guarded. The approach to the gambling saloon is difficult and circuitous, and so overlooked that no one can obtain admission whose coming is not known, if necessary, several seconds before he enters, by those who are gaming. If required, a person can be regarded, in passing through numerous doors, &c., until all cards, gambling implements and money can be hidden, and the company allowed time to quietly dispose of themselves, by reading books, papers, &c., very unsuspiciously and innocently."

A statue of St. Peter, modelled after one at Rome, was raised last week to one of the niches in front of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Peter, at Philadelphia, in presence of a large number of persons. The figure is seven feet high, and made of Acadia freestone. A statue of St. Paul of similar size will soon be raised to a contiguous niche.

The editor of the Tallahassee (Fla.) *Republican* had green peas for dinner on Christmas Day. The editor eat so heartily that he is since unwell.

The danger of taking hot bricks for bedfellows was illustrated in Orono, Maine, some time since, when two young ladies wrapped one in cloth to toast their feet with in the foot of the bed. They woke up in the night nearly suffocated, and found the bed on fire, the brick having burst out and burned through five quilts, portions of the skirts lying upon the foot of the bed, a hole in the mattress, a portion of a night gown upon one of the ladies, and discolored their feet with smoke.

The musical critic of the Boston *Courier* appeared at the door of the Boston Theatre and presented a ticket of admission, but was not allowed to enter the building, in consequence of directions issued by Manager Ullman. The gentleman of the press then demanded an explanation, whereupon Manager Ullman came forward and applied an insulting epithet to him, the result of which was that the critic knocked the manager down, and, walking over his prostrate body, took a seat in the dress circle.

Fred Biebuch, one of a gang of counterfeiters who have flooded the west with bogus money—a man who had grown rich in his villany, and whom it was deemed impossible to convict—has been caught in the toils of the law, with abundant evidences of his guilt, through the operations of a detective, who managed to stow himself under a bed in a house where Fred and several other villains were making arrangements for putting into circulation a large quantity of counterfeit stuff.

The Chicago *Journal* notices the fact, as igdicating the extent and value of the game trade of the West, that an individual contracted last season with an express company to ship 100,000 lbs. of quails and chickens from Chicago to the eastern markets, and exceeded the amount. It also learns that over one hundred and fifty *tons* of game were shipped east from Chicago last season. Venison steaks are now retailed by the market men of that city at six cents per pound.

Mr. Faxon, the local editor of the Buffalo *Republic*, lays claim to a piece of poetry, entitled "Autumn," which has been extensively copied, credited to William Cullen Bryant. He says he wrote it two years ago, and sent it out under the colors of the favorite poet, to prove that there is something in a name; and that by this means a waif was welcomed to general popularity, which, but for the device, would have been neglected on all hands.

A company of enterprising Americans, of various trades and professions, propose to settle one of the Papuan Islands, in Central Oceanica, and go into the cultivation of sugar, cotton, coffee, and other tropical products, and to establish a free port for the supply and refitting of American whaling ships in the Pacific, and for general trade. The island is said to be very fertile and beautiful, and is not claimed by any European power.

In the village of Rochester, Minnesota, there are four practising physicians, seven practising attorneys, four ministers, six merchants, six grocers, two druggists, three clothiers, four hotels, two first class flouring mills, one saw mill, two churches, and as for mechanics, their name is legion. That village is under a pretty fair progressive influence.

The Baltimore *Clipper* says that, a few evenings since, a police officer of that city saw two boys carrying a heavy trunk, and that on seeing him they dropped it and run away. Supposing it to contain stolen property, he shouldered it and lugged it to the Police Office. The mysterious box was then opened, and found to contain the corpse of a large dog.

The *Scientific American* asks: "Are salmon and herring found in the lakes and rivers above the Falls of Niagara? If so, it affords strong ground for supposing there is a subterranean communication between Ontario and the upper lakes; if not, we can see no ground for such a conclusion."

In Cincinnati, a Wisconsin cranberry dealer, who wished to get a check cashed, but had no one to vouch for his identity, exhibited his name inscribed upon that classic garment, his shirt, whereupon the banker was satisfied, and paid over the money, and Wisconsin went on his way rejoicing.

A needy fellow at Needham, who needed to go to Boston but had no money, made believe that he was the murderer Carnly, for whom a reward was offered, was arrested and taken to Boston, where he was immediately released, as not being the man wanted.

The Inspectors of State Prisons have appointed Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Albany, Agent and Warden of the Auburn Prison, in place of Col. Lewis, removed. Mr. Kirkpatrick was an Inspector of Prisons from 1854 to 1856.

The figures of the epidemic in New Orleans in 1858 have been published, and it appears that from June 27th to December 12th, 4,358 persons died of the yellow fever, and 3,846 of other diseases, making a total of 8,704.

President Buchanan has determined, it is rumored, to make a tour through North Carolina next summer, and to attend the commencement at Chapel Hill College.

The last census of Minnesota shows the population to consist of 82,000 males and 62,425 females, a shocking preponderance of the male sex.

Mr. Truesdell of Plymouth, in Juneau Co., Wis., killed a panther lately measuring ten feet in length from the head to the tail.

Nothing is more odious than the face that smiles abroad, but flashes fury amid the caresses of a tender wife and children.

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D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1859.

IRISH JAILS AND FRENCH POLICE COURTS.

WHEN the Count de Montalembert, after being defeated in the department of the Doubs, could no longer, in the Corps Legislatif, exude in sounding phrases, his love of freedom and the Bourbons, he was wont occasionally to open the pores by taking a liberty-bath in free England. It is exceedingly to be regretted that the Count never tried even a foot-bath in that portion of the British Empire called Ireland. The late arrests of a few rash young men in that country, and the manner in which these youths were dealt with, may, however, enlighten him as to the necessity in which the people of Ireland sometimes find themselves of opening the pores by taking a liberty-bath in America.

The English journals and their American imitators raised a simulated cry of horror at the announcement that the Count de Montalembert was to be tried in what they called a Police Court, in a room whose dimensions they considered altogether incompatible with freedom. They denounced the despotism of the Imperial authorities in excluding the Press from the trial, and shutting the doors against the stenographic reporters.

Now the young men who have been arrested in Ireland, however rash or ill-advised their movement, however injurious eventually to the true interests of their country—for we hold that every abortive attempt at revolution weakens the final chance of Irish deliverance from English rule—were actuated by feelings as noble—nay, nobler—than those which prompted the wrathy outpouring of M. de Montalembert in the *Correspondant*. M. de Montalembert had acknowledged and aided the regime which he therein denounces. They never acknowledged nor aided the English government in exercising its dominion over their country. Their love of liberty, however misguided, was not more so than that of the Count, and was free from all taint of personal sympathy with any dynasty. It was purely and wholly national; his was monarchical, dynastic, Orleanist. They are young, ardent, enthusiastic; the Count has reached that mature period of life when the judgment should outweigh the passions or the imagination. We submit, then, that they merit as much sympathy as the Count, and that public opinion should be as loud in asking that justice should be administered to them in proper form, as to the great French champion of monarchical institutions. But England is their accuser, France was the Count's, and here is the reason why the English press and the philo-Anglican journals here had much to say in the case of the latter, and have nothing to say in that of the former.

This free English Government, under whose regenerating influence the Count used to take his liberty-baths, reserves for its Irish subjects the hot baths of persecution which it prepares in the following manner: Delation is raised into a trade by government rewards offered to informers who will denounce any persons, rightly or wrongfully, of engaging in societies or performing acts characterized as seditious. The government demand for traitors of course creates a supply, and denunciations are soon poured in at the Government price. These informers are without exception, thoroughly abandoned and their testimony would be scouted out of court in any but State trials. On the accusation of such wretches a number of respectable young men are violently and tumultuously dragged from their homes at night, and thrown into prison. They are refused any information as to the charge on which they have been arrested, and the name of their accuser is denied them. Their friends are refused access to them. They are examined, not even in a court equal in dignity to the Police Correctionelle, but in the jail where they are imprisoned. They are unrepresented by counsel, and no reporters are allowed to be present at the examination. They are not confronted with their accusers, and the agents of the government have everything their own way. All this under the government which afforded M. de Montalembert an opportunity of periodically refreshing himself,—under that government whose organs lately teemed with vituperative articles addressed to the King of Naples on what they styled his tyrannical treatment of Englishmen who were the engineers of a vessel which bore a hostile band to invade his territory.

Misfortune is ever attended with some good, says an old French proverb, and the regrettable rashness of the young men who have been arrested in Ireland—(if their supposed offence be not purely of government manufacture, which we consider most likely)—though, as we remarked last week, it may give the British government a pretext for not extending imminent reforms to Ireland—perhaps, Cabinet members hope, an excuse for postponing them in England—may help to show M. de Montalembert that the benefits conferred on his constitution by his English liberty-baths were entirely imaginative, and may prove the fallacy of his appreciations, to those who, though momentarily carried away by the splendid periods of the Count, do not hold as an article of faith that England cannot err.

INCAPACITY OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE late message of the Governor of Pennsylvania furnishes some facts, as interesting as they are striking, with regard to the Public Schools in the Keystone State. It seems from that document that not one half of the teachers of those schools in that State are qualified to perform the great task which is confided to them. Out of 12,828 teachers, only 5,087 are declared capable of teaching, 5,387 are returned as "medium," and are tolerated only until better can be obtained. 2,323 are stated to be entirely unfit for their position. Why *they* are tolerated we are at a loss to discover, unless they be guarded by the sheltering influence of nepotism—the ægis of relationship to the managers of the Department of Instruction. It results from the figures given above that out of 569,880 children attending the schools out of Philadelphia, only about 230,000, considerably less than half, are under what the advocates of the School System consider proper instruction and training. 240,000 are receiving insufficient instruction from inferior teachers, and 100,000 are under the charge of persons wholly unfit for the task of imparting to them instruction of any description. 7,710 incapable teachers thus receive some millions of the people's money for work which they do not perform. Were the squandering of the public money the only evil produced by this state of things, it would be comparatively insignificant, but these incapables render their youthful charges as incapable of hereafter receiving and profiting by proper instruction as they themselves are of giving it. There is no necessity of enlarging on the injury these untaught teachers inflict on the growing community. The rising generation of the Keystone State, when they arrive at man's estate, will have every reason to anathematize not only their schoolmasters and mistresses, but those who placed such mock instructors over them. That these drones will be replaced by competent instructers, there is very little reason to hope, for the good and conscientious teacher is out of place in the Public Schools. Therein, not the best teacher, but he or she who has the largest class is the most considered. The teacher is expected rather to induce the pupils to remain in the school than to instruct them, and any pressure exercised by him in the interest of the education of the scholars is highly disapproved by the authorities, lest the exaction of attention to study might drive pupils from the school, and thereby lessen the attendance, to increase which, by every means, is to be the great and all engrossing object of the teacher's exertions.

He certainly was good who amassed these facts for the State of Pennsylvania, but he will, indeed, be the best of the statisticians who shall do the like for New York. It would be highly desirable to have even an approximative estimate of the number of incapables in the schools of this city and the whole of the Empire State, who receive the State's money under false pretences. As only a third of the number of children on register in the Public Schools of this city attend the schools, it would be well to know if even a third of that third receive what the Department of Instruction considers proper instruction and training.

THE PRIZE RING AND THE THEATRE.

AMONG the many influences at work to pervert the youth of this city, the Prize Ring and the Theatre occupy an important place. To the former highly civilized English institution, we owe the growing brutality which characterizes them, and which asserts itself in beastly encounters, in which children and youths rival the fiercest of wild animals in the use of their teeth. The importance which is given by daily and illustrated journals to fistic encounters and fistic heroes, leads our juveniles to imagine that their little hands were made expressly for the purpose of tearing out each other's eyes.

The lower theatres which familiarize the tender mind with the exploits of Jack Sheppard and Blueskin, have shown many hundreds of children the road to crime, and the future thief's first stolen shilling has often been that which he purloined to open the way for him into that pandemonium called the pit, where he might view the adventures of the above-mentioned hero-ruffians, and listen to the blasphemy and obscenity uttered by lips no older than his own in the interval between each act.

We are happy to note that among our State legislators at Albany there are some who see the deadly evils emanating from these two sources. A bill has been presented, the object of which is to close the doors of these moral pest-houses to children unaccompanied by a guardian or relative of mature age. We sincerely hope the bill will pass, and we would willingly see added to its provisions a clause by which the loss of his license would be made the penalty of the representation, by any theatrical manager or proprietor, of plays of the Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin School, or any other dramas, the witnessing of which is calculated to corrupt the morals of youth.

A bill to punish prize-fighting by fine and imprisonment has been introduced into the State Senate, and has also our best wishes for its passage into law. We know, however, that a strong opposition will be made to the measure, and that its passage is very problematical. The pugilistic interest is one to which many of our officials in high places are subservient, for they have been raised into office by these Pretorians. Judges dare not punish them and Members of Congress are obliged to defend them, when citizens whom they have assaulted, in the mad hope of procuring their punishment, invoke the protection of the law. They are on hand-shaking terms with Public Prosecutors, and are, for their number, one of the most powerful political classes among us, so that our hope of seeing the bill pass into a law is not very vigorous. We would also rejoice to see clauses added to this bill making it a misdemeanor for publishers of newspapers to report the barbarous incidents of an encounter in the ring.

DEATH OF THE REV. PETER McCARRON.

STILL another name is to be added to the mournful list of deaths in the Ministry, and this time Death has taken away the good priest in the very bloom of manhood. The Rev. Peter McCarron died at Rondout, in this State, on Sunday, 9th inst., at the early age of thirty-four years.

Rev. Mr. McCarron was a native of the parish of Errigle Truagh, in the county of Monaghan, Ireland. He came to this country while yet very young, and went through his preparatory course of instruction at St. John's College. He completed his ecclesiastical studies at Saint Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, and was ordained about five years since. The former student became in his turn a teacher, and we find him, subsequently to his ordination, Professor of Theology at St. Joseph's. The Rev. gentleman was afterwards stationed at St. Joseph's Church, in this city, and was for a time attached to St. Mary's. About two months since he was sent to Rondout. His health had been very delicate for the past two years, but had lately improved considerably, and it was thought that a residence in the country would further tend to its re-establishment, and restore the pious priest to healthy vigor. His zeal in fulfilling the arduous duties of the Jubilee, however, brought on an attack of the disease from which the Rev. gentleman had been suffering, which, after a very short illness, had a fatal termination.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, 11th inst., and was attended by a large concourse of the faithful of Rondout, which was further augmented by numbers from this city. A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased clergyman, was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Boyce, assisted by Revs. Messrs. Curran, Riordan and Durning. Archdeacon McCarron, to whom Rev. Mr. McCarron was related, was present on the occasion. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Riordan, who paid a just and eloquent tribute to his departed brother.

The Rev. Mr. McCarron was eminently fitted to inspire all who came in contact with him with feelings of respect and love. Every one who met him, instinctively and unconsciously grew to love the young priest who moved noiselessly through the world, wrapt in the preoccupations of his holy mission—the very personification of piety, sweetness and gentleness. The evident delicacy of his constitution tinged the affection he inspired with a certain sadness which but tended to intensify it. Two months had sufficed to enshrine him in the affections of the kindly people of Rondout, and they deplore his loss as if his sojourn among them was numbered by years instead of months.

> Thus die hearts of glorious promise,
> In their vernal day.
> Early win a welcome from us—
> Early fade away.

May he rest in peace!

ANOTHER CHANGE OF RULERS IN MEXICO.—The late news from Mexico brings us intelligence of the fall of Zuloaga and the election of Gen. Miramon as President of the Republic. What makes this sudden change not very easily comprehensible is that Miramon is one of the generals commanding the forces of the Zuloaga government; but when were Mexican *coups d'etat* easy of comprehension? General Miramon is a very young man for a President, as he has not yet attained his twenty-ninth year.

WHY THE LONDON "TIMES" OPPOSES REFORM.

THE London *Times* has ranked itself among the opponents of the great Reform movement which now agitates the English people, led on by Mr. Bright. The principal motives of the *Times'* opposition to Reform are highly characteristic of that distinguished advocate of liberty of conscience every where but in England, and for all but Catholics.

A fair electoral distribution would have the effect of increasing by some sixty or seventy members the Irish representation in the British Parliament. Such an increase of course is not to be tolerated by the *Times*. To augment the number of the Irish members would, in the opinion of that highly enlightened and liberal exponent of British Protestantism, be merely to give so many representatives to the Pope, in the British House of Commons!

An esteemed English contemporary, in commenting on the remarks of the *Times* on this subject, compares the liberality of Catholic Ireland, in the choice of representatives, with the illiberality of Protestant England in the same regard. In the former country, Protestant candidates have been elected over Catholic competitors by Catholic constituencies. A like liberality on the part of English Protestant constituencies would be sought for in vain.

MORTARA BUNCOMBE THROWN AWAY.

ALL the indignation manufactured at the Mortara meetings seems to be Buncombe thrown away. The speechifiers have lost their labor, and their only consolation was to have seen their names in the newspapers (probably the measure of the ambition of more than one among them), and to have read abstracts of their remarks translated into something like English in the morning papers. Their epistolary efforts have also remained uncrowned by success. There was no luck for them about any of the legislative houses: neither in Congress nor in our State Assembly. Secretaries of State could do nothing for them. Even the Head of the Executive could not oblige them by poking the Executive nose into other people's business for their amusement, and some men seeing this have come to the unexpected and satisfactory conclusion that there is yet some common sense left in the Head of the Executive, in the cranium of our Secretary of State and in the crania of a fair proportion of our legislators, State and Congressional.

The futility of their manifestations, orations, and epistles, may teach the Mortara indignationists a valuable lesson: that the government of the U. S. cannot interfere where it has no business, and thus may spare them the trouble of getting up the same complicated indignation meeting, oratorical and epistolary machinery to create a sympathy for the "persecuted" Jews of North Carolina, who are excluded from the honors and spoils of office on account of their religious belief.

FOOLS OR KNAVES.—All the Know-Nothing sheets are horrified at the idea that Catholic clergymen, in compliance with an invitation, officiate in their turn, at the opening of Congress. Some of the Protestant divines of the city of Washington are also said to be exceedingly mortified by the act, and their congregations are said to be a high state of indignation. The presence a Catholic priest in the Halls of Congress is looked upon by the Dark Lantern philosophers as an evidence that Catholic fluence controls the powers at Washington. can only express our hope (whatever be our conviction) that in this matter Know-Nothing fellow-citizens are cor in their opinion. A little Catholic influence would not be thrown away in Washington. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *News* looks upon Mr. Slidell as a "Jesuit" and considers his proposal to give the President thirty millions to buy Cuba as a "Jesuit" measure! The *News* assures its readers that the writer is a "gentleman of intelligence and information." We would like to see a specimen of what the *News* would call fools. We are strongly persuaded that are what the rest of mankind would call men of intelligence and information." We wonder what it calls its readers?

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

The political arrests.—The proceedings of the "private" investigation published.—The Rev. G. F. Porter in trouble.—Deputation to the Lord Lieutenant on behalf of the "Galway Line."—Burials in Ireland.—The Newfoundland Mail Contract.—Death of Sir. W. Lyons.—O'Connell National Fund.—Discharge of the Tipperary lady charged with writing sedition.—Damp Christmas.

DUBLIN, Dec. 31st, 1858.

The most noteworthy circumstance of the week is the publication by the Cork *Examiner* of a tolerably lengthy report of the "private" investigation in reference to the political arrests in Cork and Bantry. The crown, "lest the ends of justice might be frustrated," desire to keep it all to themselves until the very last moment, and no one was admitted to the inquiry, save the government officials, the accused parties, and their legal advisers. This little gathering sat snugly from day to day, whilst the shut out public, as usual on such occasions, fretted itself with guessing at what was going forward. On Christmas Eve, however, of all days in the year, the whole of the large county of Cork was taken by surprise by the appearance of a full and true account of the proceedings before the Star-chamber. The newspaper in question says its readers are indebted for the report to an intelligent little bird which was located during the proceedings under the chair of the crown solicitor. I believe, however, there is no doubt, and that it is not denied that the report is the result of the united labors of the legal advisers of the accused parties. The principal evidence for the Crown is that supplied by an "Informer," named Sullivan, whose statement is to the effect that he joined the "Phœnix Club" in Bantry in August last, on which occasion two oaths were administered to him—one of secrecy and the other of Brotherhood: that he attended several meetings of the Club in Bantry and Skibbereen, and that he saw a a large number of the members drilling. The object of the Society, according to the story of this individual, was to secure American and Franch aid in the shape of men and money, with a view to the emancipation of Ireland by means of a revolution. He identified a number of the arrested parties as being members of the Society. Sullivan says he had no intention of "splitting," when he joined the Society, but that he repented of his connection with an illegal body after an interview with the Parish Priest of Kenmare. He admits, however, that after he had informed the authorities of what he knew about the Society, he visited the Skibbereen Branch as a "Brother," for the purpose of procuring further information for the magistrates to whom he had told his story. All the accused parties were, of course, returned for trial: with the exception of three or four—they were admitted to bail. It is said that the Government officials are in a deplorable state of mind about the publication of the proceedings at the investigation, and that they will use every exertion to "come down" on somebody for it. The inquiry into the case of the parties arrested in Belfast for being members of the Phœnix Society commenced to-day. The proceedings are being conducted privately in a room in the gaol; but as in all probability the services of another little bird have been secured by the newspaper proprietors of Belfast, we may expect to see the whole story in print in a few days.

A turbulent Divine of the Established Church, named G. F. Porter, is about to be brought before a jury of his countrymen next term, by the proprietor and editor of the *Advocate* newspaper, for having slandered him through his paper by calling that print "the infidel *Advocate.*" The occasion upon which the Rev. gentleman made use of these words was when denouncing the *Daily Express* newspaper at a meeting in the Rotundo, convened for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the occasion of the never-to-be-forgotten Queen Bess, of pious memory, for having declined to report the proceedings of that hopeful gathering unless the promoters of it undertook to purchase 500 copies of the paper containing the report. Whilst pitching into the unlucky *Express* with all his vigor, the Rev. gentleman took a side blow at the *Advocate*, by observing that it would be enough for the infidel *Advocate* to be guilty of such desertion of principles and sordid meanness, for which the Rev. gentleman will most assuredly suffer in damages—and serve him right. This *Advocate* was the first penny newspaper established in Ireland. After continuing for some time as a tri-weekly penny paper is was started as a penny daily journal, but after a spasmodic existence of a few weeks as such, it relapsed into its original position.

The deputation appointed at the meeting held last week at the Mansion House, in favor of the Galway line of packets to America, waited yesterday on the Lord Lieutenant for the purpose of bespeaking his assistance in the matter with the Government. His Excellency said that individually he was most anxious to promote the enterprise, which he considered was for the benefit of the country, and that he would not cease urging upon the Government at home the propriety, almost the necessity, of giving it their assistance. His Excellency gave it as his opinion that a large subsidy for postal service would not be offered at once by the Government, and he suggested that the Company should in the first instance apply to the Post-office for the carriage of the Irish letters, for which about £80,000 a year is paid; after which, he said, they might apply for the conveyance of the mails to British Columbia; and he added, that if they carried out their scheme of communication as they proposed, he had no doubt they would receive further postal subsidies.

An order in council regulating burials in Ireland has just been issued. It made some salutary and long-needed provisions respecting grave spaces, depth of graves, for the enclosing and proper keeping of graveyards, and also for the correct registration of the age, time of death, sex, occupation, &c., of each person who shall be interred after the issuing of the order.

Mr. Peter Jones, the agent here for the Galway line, has received a communication from the Assistant Secretary to the Postmaster-General, stating that the arrangements for the Newfoundland Mail Contract with that Company are completed, and fixing the 8th of January as the day for the first departure of the Newfoundland Mails from Galway.

The death of Sir William Lyons, a respected citizen and an extensive merchant of Cork, is announced. Sir William, who was a prominent member of the Liberal party in his native city, was created a knight by the Queen on the occasion of her visit to Cork in 1849, during which year he filled the office of Mayor of that city.

The O'Connell National Fund Committee will not conclude their labors until the sum collected shall have amounted to £5,000. It wants about £50 of that sum.

The Tipperary young lady, Anne Walton, who, as I have already informed you, was arrested in Fethard, on a charge of having written a seditious letter, has been discharged, in the absence of sufficient evidence to connect her with the document. Facts, which have since transpired, leave little doubt that she is of unsound mind.

We are passing through as murkey, foggy, muddy, damp, and generally as unpleasant a Christmas (atmospherically speaking), as the oldest inhabitant can bring to mind. Nothing to be met at every turn but wind and rain—cold faces—coughing and complaining. It would seem as if we are never again to be visited by the jolly, bright, frosty, bracing Christmas, which, we are told, invariably came long ago.

DUBLINER.

BISHOP O'CONNOR AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

This Church was crowded to its utmost capacity on Sunday morning last, when the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, preached, as was announced in the TABLET of last week. The Bishop, taking his text from 2d chapter of John, chose matrimony as the subject of his discourse. He said that our Blessed Saviour in condescending to assist at a marriage feast, and there performing His first miracle, even before the appointed time, showed us that He looked upon marriage as a holy Sacrament. This fact naturally suggested to us the propriety of considering the Christian view of this holy institution, and it was most important that we should do so, for the remembrance of it was calculated to exercise a most powerful influence on Christian morality. It was true that the Catholic Church recognized another state as being more important than the married one, and she delighted in showing her appreciation of the virtues that were displayed in those who embraced it. From these she selected the ministers who served at her altars. But while she thus showed her preference for another state, all her doctrines, her rites, her laws, the principles that she was most anxious to inculcate in her children, show how she views the marriage state. Reason alone was sufficient to show us how important the marriage state is; how important it is that it should always be viewed, approached and respected as a holy one by those who live in it. Marriage was the very root of society, for, according to the providence of God, it was in and from the marriage state that society perpetuated itself. It was within the hallowed circle of the marriage state that the seeds of virtue must be sown, and if this were neglected—or, still worse, if men were foolish enough to implant there the seeds of vice, woe to the society where this disorder predominated. It would be in vain for legislators or for governors to attempt to remedy the evils of society, for if it were once poisoned at its fountain, the evil became without a remedy. He showed the responsibility of parents intrusted with the charge of their offspring, and likened the child to the clay applied by the potter in moulding his vessel. To guard against this the Almighty God who instituted this state had made the most wise provisions. He dwelt at length on the necessity of a religious preparation for the marriage state. Any one, he said, who valued his soul, would be guided by the wisdom of the Church in her legislation on this important subject. How lamentable it was to find many rushing into the marriage state with no guidance but the limited experience they had themselves enjoyed, consulting nothing but the impulses of those feelings which God gave for noble purposes. They should receive the marriage sacrament as they would the Bread of Life. If man's conscience tells him he is not fit to approach it let him go to the holy laver of penance and get cleansed from all his sins. "Husbands," said the apostle, "love your wives, even as Jesus Christ loves his Church." That was the union that should exist between Christian man and wife. Oh! how that base view of marriage that is entertained by many who look upon it only in its animal relations, becomes an impiety when compared with this view. Christ said, let no man dare put asunder that which He had joined together—no man, be he legislator, governor, or what he might. It was eternal, as the union of Christ and his Church was eternal. If husbands and wives kept these principles in view the marriage state would be a happy one. Even if prosperity did not smile on them still happiness would be theirs. It was always in their power to form a union that would be blessed by God, and the fruits of this blessing would descend on those they brought into life. What he took to himself he would retain for ever. The Church might suffer upon this earth, might be proscribed and trodden down, might be abandoned by the children of folly who sought upon earth some worldly bauble for which they were willing to sell their eternal happiness, but not so with Christ. He will ever remain faithful to His spouse, whom He united to himself in His blood.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg will preach on next Sunday, at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, at half-past 10 o'clock, A. M.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT (CANADA) QUESTION.—The daily journals announce the reception of a telegram from Toronto, stating that a report was in circulation to the effect that despatches had been received from England containing a command from Queen Victoria, confirming her selection of Ottawa as the future seat of the Canadian government.

COMPLIMENTARY AND WELL DESERVED.—A complimentary concert will be given to Mrs. M. E. Clark, an excellent vocalist, attached to the choir of St. Mary's Church, at the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Thursday evening, 27th inst. Mrs. Clark's name is ever on the programmes of concerts for the benefit of Catholic charities, and we hope the Catholics of New York will remember that if one good turn deserves another Mrs. Clark has several claims on them. Artists of acknowledged talent will take part in the entertainment, and we bespeak a thronged concert-room for the deserving beneficiary.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages directed to as many different persons, for distribution at Club prices.

☞ Agents and others will oblige us by strictly following the above rules. *We will admit of no deviation from them.*

Mr. Michael Phelan will visit Buffalo and other towns in New York State, this and following weeks, collecting and canvassing for the TABLET.

Mr. T. F. Lee, *alias* Leahy, is not authorized to collect for this paper. Our Subscribers in Massachusetts and the Eastern States will please take notice.

Mr. Michael Phelan is authorized to collect in every town he may visit in Upper Canada or elsewhere.

Mr. John Graham is authorized to collect in any place he may visit. He will be in Chicago in a few days.

Literature.

THE SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGES OF DIRECT STEAM COMMUNICATION AND RAPID POSTAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA, *via* GALWAY, IRELAND. By PLINY MILES. London: Published by TRUBNER & Co., Paternoster row. 1859.

This pamphlet is a compact mass of statistical information, and will be read with the greatest interest by all who take an interest in the success of the Galway line. It opens with reviewing the influence of Steam Commerce on national prosperity, civilization and productive industry, and compares the manufactures and inland and foreign trade of Ireland as compared with the United Kingdom. It gives statistics of the resources of Ireland, her exports, and of emigration from the three Kingdoms. It thus speaks of the prospects of the Galway line:

The reasons for anticipating a large traffic by steam, between Ireland and America, are unimpeachable. Instances are almost unknown where steamers unexposed to railway competition have commenced running, and been withdrawn for want of patronage. On the contrary, almost all steam lines find a larger amount of business than the projectors anticipated. To illustrate this one case may be quoted, and that one relates to the traffic by steamers on the west coast of Ireland. A few years since Mr. John Orrell Lever put a small steamer on the route from Westport to Liverpool. The first steamer that left Westport had very little freight—a mere nothing; among other trifling articles a basket containing two hundred eggs. Now, the traffic on the route is so large that a steamer three times the size of the first is constantly employed, and the number of eggs sent *by each trip* amounts to between one and two millions! The direct steam traffic from Westport and Galway, both coasting and foreign, at once creates a trade that is sustained by three or four millions of people. These vessels have established a traffic where none existed before, and opened the markets of England to the agriculturists of all the western and northwestern counties of Ireland.

There were never any steamers running regularly between Ireland and America before the "Lever line" was started in June last. The enthusiasm and unanimity with which these steamers have been welcomed, both in Ireland and America, show the hold they have upon the wishes and interests of the people. There are in America over four million people who are natives of Ireland, or the children of Irish parents. In New York city alone there are 160,000 Irish people. It may be said that "cheers" and "enthusiasm" cost little, and brings no returns; but in this case it is not so. Of the four millions of Irish in America, and seven millions in Ireland, a very large portion of them have either some direct interest of their own for a steam line, or some voice in directing the patronage, the travel, or the emigration of others. The Irish residents of New York do not charter steamers to accompany vessels down the bay, get up public meetings, present valuable flags, and show, in other unmistakable language, that they give this line their hearty support, without meaning something. If Irish people have a leading trait of character, it is an intense nationality—an undying love for the Emerald Isle. With the return of emigrants, and the visits to Ireland of those that are well settled in America, there are a vast number of Irish that are coming back to Ireland. The Prince Albert, on her last voyage from New York, returned full, and left 130 disappointed applicants, 90 of whom wanted a cabin passage. Nearly every departure from Galway has left passengers and freight behind, because the steamers were literally full. When a branch line has been started from Galway to Portland, the population and Government of British America will give the Company their heartiest support. The Grand Trunk Railway, already stretching in one unbroken line—the bridge at Montreal, not yet quite finished, excepted—from Portland to the navigable waters of Lake Huron, offers a direct means of commnnication with the great west of America, and a feeder for such a line of steamers unequalled in the annals of steam commerce. By reference to the letter from Toronto it will be seen that this route presents a line of steam communication the very shortest and most direct that can be found or made, from London to the upper waters of the Saskatchewan, only two or three days' journey from Frazer river—save and except two pieces of road of 160 miles in length, and two or three steamers that require to be built.

All capitalists who have money invested in commerce, in manufactures, in lands, or railways, and all engaged in works of internal improvement, in Ireland, feel a direct interest in supporting this line of steamers. The press and public opinion in the United States and British America, are already enlisted in favor of the project. The only exceptions are among those who have some direct interest in other steam lines.

It is quite in vain to say that heavy goods, manufacturers, and produce, between London, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester and Liverpool, and America, will not go across Ireland. No expectation has been raised of doing the English-American freight business over this line; and yet, vast numbers of valuable packages, with a very considerabte amount of heavy freight, at highly remunerative rates, have been offered, and much of it taken, to go between England and New York, *via* Liverpool, or Holyhead, Dublin and Galway. The Irish business alone—the freights and passengers; the linen, spirits, and other articles going out; the American tobacco, grain, fruit, and "notions," coming this way; with the great number of small and valuable parcels that pay heavy rates of freight—will furnish a highly remunerative business, that must increase to a vast extent when the facilities once become known. The fact formerly mentioned that the first year of the Collins' steamers brought the number of American travellers up from about five thousand to over 29,000, shows at once the expansion of passenger traffic, and the strong national feelings that stimulate a people to support vessels connected with their native country.

There is not an instance of competing lines of steamers on record where, in case of any material difference of distance, the *shortest* route has not invariably had the preference with the travelling public. There are three routes between London and Paris, across the channel; that by Dover or Folkstone (considered as the same route), the one by New Haven and Dieppe, and the one by Southampton and Havre. The fares are put much the lowest by the two last-named, which have the longest sea routes, and yet the record of the number of passengers shows the overwhelming evidence of greater popularity in a sea passage of two hours or two and a half, over one of six or twelve.

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The facilities for communication with all parts of the American continent, and for obtaining the largest amount of freight and passenger traffic, on the other side of the Atlantic, are absolutely unrivalled, and such as have never before been obtained by any European steamship company. American inland commerce is a system peculiar to that country. Since the introduction of steam more than twenty-six thousand miles of railway have been built in the United States and British America. On the inland waters—the great lakes and rivers—over eighteen hundred steamboats are constantly running. Though steam conveyances—and, to a great extent, railways—reach from Portland (Maine), and Quebec (Canada), to St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Galveston (Texas), and even to California, Oregon, and British Columbia, there are difficulties in the way of transporting goods, specie, and valuable parcels over such long distances, where there are numerous companies and persons that have charge of the different routes.

The railways are often of different gauge, are constructed under charters from the different States, and in numerous instances their tracks do not connect, making transhipments and change of conveyance of frequent occurrence; and, consequently, no system of booking parcels over long distances could be had except through some intermediate party. That connecting link has been supplied by joint stock associations known as Express Companies. These companies have their separate routes and tracts of country, and run, not in competition, but in connection with one another The Express companies hire ther conveyance and motive power of railway companies, steamboat owners, and any other parties carrying on transportation over the routes they wish to traverse. A package sent between New York and St. Louis, or any other points, may pass through the hands of one Express Company, or two or three, though there is bnt one party known to the shipper, and that is the company originally receiving it, and whose receipt is given.

The leading Express companies are the American Express, the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, and the California Overland Mail Company. The leading directors and officers are the same persons in each company; the California Overland Mail Company being formed by stockholders of the other two. In fact, the three companies may be considered as one friendly jointstock association, formed to carry on a vast system of mail, passenger and goods traffic, from the eastern to the western shores of the continent of North America, including every city and town of any note, and every main travelled route from Halifax, N. S., Quebec, Portland, Boston, New York and Montreal, to Canada West, St. Paul (Minnesota), St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, San Francisco, and all parts of California, Oregon and British Columbia. No sooner were the Frazer river gold mines discovered, than Wells, Fargo & Co., announced that they had extended their New York and California Express to that locality.

Wells, Fargo & Co. do an express business between New York and California, and British Columbia, by way of Panama—the ocean mail line; the Overland Mail Co., from St. Louis and Memphis, on the Mississippi river, to San Francisco, across the great plains and the Rocky Mountains; and are connected at the east end of their routes with the American Express, and at the west (California) with Wells, Fargo & Co. The American Express Co., with their head-quarters at New York, have unquestionably the largest inland transportation business of any company in the world. Its own routes, and those of the companies with which they are in immediate connection, over the American railways, are shown by the dotted lines on the map. Their system of transportation extends equally through British America and the United States. The vast operations of the American Express Company may be imagined, when it is stated that, during the year 1857, they had passed through their hands as carriers, over 10,500,000 packages of goods, besides specie and bank notes to the amount of more than 400,000,000 dollars (eighty millions sterling). This was the business of the American Express Co. alone. The combined operations of the three united companies—without their European connection—embrace over 15,000 miles of railway, not less than 12 000 of steamboat conveyance on rivers and lakes, ocean steam tracks of 6,000 miles, besides a vast amount of minor conveyance, and one mail stage-coach route of 2,700 miles across the widest part of the continent. The American Express Company alone have over four hundred agencies, scattered through all the northern, middle, and western States; having one in each city and principal town as far west as the thinly settled frontier, bordering on the Indian territory. The three companies have more than six hundred agencies, extending over the entire continent, as far as British Columbia. By the appointment of the American Express Company as general agents for the steam line in America, each of these agencies becomes an agent for the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company. Arrangements are now in progress that will enable the Atlantic R. M. S. Co. to send and receive, not only telegraphic despatches, but specie, bank notes, bills of exchange, goods, and valuable parcels, between all the principal cities of Great Britain and the continent of Europe, and every part of North America, offering to the public one sole undivided responsibility. It may confidently be asked whether these arrangements in magnitude and importance do not surpass those of any steamship enterprise ever put in operation in any part of the world? The American Express Company act for no other line of trans-Atlantic steamers, and at all of their agencies book passengers, and make contracts for freight and parcel traffic in both directions: to and from Great Britain and Ireland, and other parts of Europe.

[For the N. Y. TABLET.]

LITTLE THOUGHTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Our years, like faded autumn leaves,
Are falling from life's vernal bowers;
And moments go—and days—and hours,
As varied threads the weaver weaves,—
As straws are gathered into sheaves.

And Time—the hoary reaper—seems
As stout of arm, and stout of will
As in the ages gone, and still,
His gaze is strong as tropic beams,
And tries the colors of our dreams.

Fair skies and gloomy clouds appear,
Alternate, o'er our span of life:
Time loves to checker peace and strife,
And binds the heart with ties so dear,
That bliss is ever linked with fear.

We've listened long upon the way,
Then let us haste with willing feet,
To pluck the tares from out the wheat;
That we may hear the Master say:
"Well done," upon the harvest day.

We toil for Him, whose bounty makes
The wages equal to the will;
And where the latest comer, still,
The favor of the first partakes;—
And all is done for our dear sakes!

Then let no terrors here appal;
What matters it, if smiles, or tears,
Or shadows mark out pilgrim-years?
Or grief or joy one light should fall;—
God's love is shining over all!

MARIE.

December 26th, 1858.

THE IRISH TENANT AT WILL.

[*From the Nation.*]

To-night my fire is faint and low,
Outside it rains, and the chill winds blow;
The rain falls loud on the sodden ground,
And the stream runs by with a threat'ning sound.

My heart is heavy; but many a day
Since 'twas light or joyful have pass'd away;
The sun shines often on field and tree,
But 'tis always cheerless and cold with me.

A dark shape stands on my cabin floor,
Its finger points to the lowly door;
Summer and Winter, in gloom or light,
It frowns before me, by day and night.

I go to toil on my little farm—
It follows on, with its outstretched arm!
In vain I labor, I curse, or pray—
It stands and bids me "Away! Away!"

'Tis the landlord's NOTICE—that shape of fear,
Renewed, sustained, through the live long year,
Chilling my life blood hour by hour,
With the blighting threat of a deadly power!

When morning brightens the eastern skies,
From a troubled sleep unfresh'd I rise;
And I know not whether, when evening falls,
I may dare to enter these humble walls.

I dig and plow, but I never know
If my hands shall gather the crop I sow;
And the crop I gather, though good it be,
Brings never plenty or peace to me.

I pour my sweat on the soil like rain,
I coin my blood—for another's gain:
The more I add to the land's rich bloom,
The nearer bring I my threaten'd doom.

My little son, now to boyhood grown,
Has a little garden he calls "his own;"
He has planted saplings and wild flow'rs there,
And he says 'tis safe in his father's care.

My darling knows not how many a start
His prattlings send to his father's heart;
Nor knows the pang that he wakes the while
His mother lists with a sudden'd smile.

My poor pale wife! even now I hear
The landlord's name in her murmur'd pray'r;
And I hear her say, in her high appeal,
"May the Saviour soften his heart of steel!"

Pray, Mary, darling!—pray on asthore!
My heart is crushed, *I* can pray no more;
A fire lights up in my tortured brain,
And the world around takes a crimson stain.

Pray, Mary, darling!—pray on machree!
For your own dear self, and my children three.
My soul is wrapped in a hell-red glare;
I must walk abroad—LET WHO WILL BEWARE!

T. D. S.

THE ART OF SUFFERING.

[*Translated from the French of* J. T. DE SAINT GERMAIN *for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

My fortune seemed to make rapid progress, my capital was made to fructify in the most skilful speculations. It was not in my own hands, it is true, but then I could not doubt the excellence of the investments in calculating the dividends which were promised me, and counting the vast amount of *scrip* which was in my portfolio. I had the highest respect for myself and my skill, and a profound contempt for useful and productive labor since I could enrich myself while indulging in every pleasure.

All went well, when suddenly a political crisis gave a deadly blow to public credit and annihilated the fictitious property on which so many rash speculations were based. I was ruined.

"Come," said the *friend* who had undertaken my ruin, "my resources are yours. All is not lost! I know how the wind blows. I have friends in most places: fools alone succumb. Equality is a glorious thing, but a party cannot exist without a head; we'll be the head, and we'll make it pay."

My humiliation at my fall was so great that I dare not confess my imprudence and my errors to my mother; too proud, or rather too conceited to ask assistance, I was ruled and carried away by that evil genius, who, without confiding his plans to me, showed me glimpses of new worlds and lands of unbounded prosperity. He then introduced me into societies whose passwords he knew, and in which he possessed a certain influence. There I heard strange harangues, irrealizable projects, expressions which had before been spoken, and which, perhaps, will never again be heard. I understood that beneath the visible world in which we live—but no, I will not tell you what I saw.

I escaped from that hell into which I had been unwarily drawn, and having returned to the side of the defenders of law and order, who should I see, under another flag, speaking in the name of the holy cause of an imperilled country? It was he! that man without a name, that genius of evil! I looked at him with astonishment and contempt.

"Come," said he, "this is not the time to get angry, but to get away. You are implicated; the game is up, but all is not lost. Trust to me, I am Saint John with the Golden lips!" and taking me aside he communicated his new project to me. "Times are changed," continued he, "there is nothing to be done in this country; the matter in hand is now something very different. Our friends are going to the land of gold; the earth yields us its treasures, we have only to pick them up. We are young, strong, courageous; in two years our fortune will be made."

What could I do? My conduct and my imprudent relations had ruined me. I durst not appear among honest men; still less did I think of affronting my mother's penetrating glance. Bound by my errors to the contemptible creature who ruled my destiny, hiding my shame under a disguise, I embarked at Havre on my search for gold.

He who meets danger with a heart without reproach, finds great strength within himself God is with him and everything is possible fo him, but wo to him who suffers and cannot respect himself! He might forget his sham and stifle the voice of conscience while intoxicated by prosperity or success; left alone self-contemplation, he grows pale and trembl You have known me brave, but on board ship that carried me away I was a coward! feared the sea, I feared heaven, I feared Go feared myself, and yet I had nothing to l nothing but my life which had become a h and useless burden.

How I suffered on board that ship! Dised with my companions, who, out of rea all restraint, gave full scope to all their v propensities, I had no friend to whom I confine my regrets and my remorse. he ship bore me farther and farther away, an to see the value of what I had lost. I fled

to myself my mother sitting all alone by the fireside, disheartened, enfeebled, dying perhaps. I saw the mill, the close, the village, and the old church steeple. I thought of the friends of my childhood. I blushed, fearing the opinion of those who had known me, and that opinion, which my conscience repeated to me, pursued and reached in the middle of the wide ocean. Privations, sickness, almost a pestilence on board, famine, the want of the merest necessaries, the lack of space, the never-ceasing movement of the crowd of passengers, noisier and more agitated than the sea which bore them —filled me with horror and disgust.

If the desire of purifying myself by suffering and expiating my faults which I had already conceived, had not sustained me; if some traces of the religious sentiment which I owe to the best of mothers and to you, father, had not remained at the bottom of my heart, which still beats sometimes for virtue and justice, I would, perhaps, have sought in the waves a last refuge and the end of all my sufferings!

In the abyss of misery into which I had fallen through my own fault, my thoughts turned one day on the divine and infinite mercy. Having none to sustain or help me I dared once again to raise my eyes to heaven; a voice, which I believed was that of my mother, bid me not despair. In the darkness of the night I quitted the steerage where my companions were engaged in quarreling, or were giving way to their gaiety, still more revolting than their quarrels, went on deck, and kneeling down, away from observation, near the poop, and looking towards that country which I had left, perhaps for ever, I said: "O my God, infinite source of all justice, I know that I have suffered through my fault, and that I am dealt with according to my work; but you are also the God of clemency and mercy; from you alone can I ask consolation and hope! You know, oh! my God, that it was through weakness and not through wickedness, that I was dragged among wicked men. I have become the accomplice of their errors, in the eyes of men, but I had no share in their crimes; the sufferings I endure are, perhaps, the means your pity reserved to bring me back to repentance and all the duties I have despised. Preserve my mother; give her, O Lord! strength and hope; let her not curse me at the end of her days,—she who has loved me so much—and grant that, purified by all the trials which it may please you to impose on me, and which I will go through with courage, I may see her once again, kneel at her feet, and by increasing devotion and tenderness make her forget all the sufferings I have caused her.

Oh! wonderful power of prayer offered up to the Lord by an afflicted spirit which humbles itself in its weakness; inexhaustible treasure of peace and consolation! Never in the days of my short and false prosperity was I blessed with such feelings. I soon felt as calm and as full of hope as when, in this very Church, you, my father, taught us, under the eyes of our parents, the first precepts of that religion which upon that surging ocean, when I had lost the world's and my own esteem, were to console and protect me.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR MAINE CORRESPONDENCE.

MILLTOWN, Me., 4th Jan., 1859.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Sir:—The members of the Saint Patrick's Total Abstinence Society celebrated the anniversary of the formation of the Society on the evening of the 23d December, at the school-house belonging to Saint Stephen's Catholic Church. At 7 o'clock the members and a few invited guests, numbering in all about two hundred, sat down to a good substantial supper, prepared by the ladies belonging to the Society. After supper, the Rev. James Quin, P. P., of St. Stephen's, delivered a most eloquent discourse, and in beautiful language set forth the many blessings that attended those who observed temperance, and of the steady progress the Society had made since its commencement; that any person that would look on the assembly before him, and see the smiling and happy faces of the members of this Society, and the steady course they had pursued since their commencement in doing good, both by precept and example, to all around them, and their preparations to celebrate the great festival of the Redeemer's birth as became good Christians to do, was a sure guarantee that during the coming year they would persevere in their good work. They might rest assured they would always have his most cordial co-operation to promote the cause of temperance, and he must now propose to them a sentiment before he sat down:

"Success and prosperity to the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society—may it long continue to exert its influence for good in this parish."

The Rev. gentleman sat down amidst bursts of applause.

The band belonging to the Society played "Farewell to Whiskey."

Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, and at intervals the company was enlivened by music from the band, and some good singing by the choir, which was also present. The evening passed off very pleasantly, and at half-past ten o'clock the company separated, well pleased with the amusement of the evening.

High praise is due to the Rev. James Quin, President of the Society, for his exertions in the cause of temperance, and education, and the great interest he has taken in every measure that is calculated to benefit his congregation; for, to his untiring zeal, we are indebted for many of the blessings we now enjoy. He has procured for us a splendid library, a large and commodious school-house, wherein the blessing of a good education is within the reach of all. He has beautified the ground around the church and school-house, so that the neat appearance of the whole cannot be surpassed in this section of country. He has also provided us with a respectable resting-place for our departed friends by procuring a most suitable site for a Catholic cemetery, which he has taken great pains to decorate and ornament. It is very pleasantly situated, about a mile north of Milltown, one of the neatest and most industrious villages down East.

Hoping that his reverence may long be spared to preside over and guide us in the path of duty, I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

H. G. C.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. W. HEGARTY.

[*From the Londonderry Journal of December* 22, 1858.]

On Monday last, the friends of the Rev. William Hegarty, of Buncrana, assembled in the Sacristy of the Roman Catholic Chapel, Londonderry, for the purpose of presenting that gentleman with a mark of respect, on the occasion of his return from America, where he had been collecting subscriptions in aid of the Roman Catholic Church now building in this city. William McLoughlin, Esq., M. D., was called to the chair. Previous to reading the address which had been prepared, the chairman made a few appropriate remarks, characterized by the taste an eloquence which always distinguished the observations of Dr. M'Loughlin. He alluded to the reverend gentleman's amiability, talents, and clerical efficiency, and mentioned some points in his ministerial career, extending over a period of fourteen years. He instanced his efforts to collect subscriptions for the convent at Derry in 1848, his labors at the erection of Cockhill Chapel, and mentioned that his talents, as a preacher, had ever been at the service of any object of charity or religion. These considerations, he said, gave him no ordinary claim upon the affections of the Roman Catholic people; but his labors beyond the Atlantic, where he had manfully and successfully encountered obstacles of no ordinary kind, surely entitled Mr. Hegarty to the regard of all who could appreciate worth and merit, and of those especially whom his labors had served. Dr. M'Loughlin, having concluded his speech, read an address, to which the Rev. Mr. Hegarty replied as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—I know not in what language to acknowledge your splendid gift, accompanied as it is with such flattering expressions of your regard. In my own opinion I have only done my duty, since it has been well observed by one of the ancients that "the hand which is not officious to a suffering community deserves amputation." I saw your struggle to erect a second Church in Derry—your long-continued personal sacrifices in behalf of your Cathedral, and acting under the instruction of our good Bishop, I felt bound to do my best to help you. For this I expected no premium from men. You, however, gentlemen, would have the upper hand in this my case, as is your wont on such occasions generally. It has been said, I believe, by Sir Thomas More, that "good turns are written on sand, and injuries on marble;" but you, gentlemen of Derry, reverse the adage in our case at least; you requite, generously, the "good turns" of your clergymen, and acknowledge with becoming grace their services, whilst you are always careful to be oblivious of their faults.

Independent of the intrinsic value of your golden present, the inscription alone upon it has for me a charm, as it will always remind me of the marked favor and pleasure I enjoyed in seeing and being introduced to the venerable and illustrious Archbishops and Bishops of America, dignitaries who, for piety, erudition, zeal and benevolence, reflect the highest honor on their "glorious Republic," and on the land of their birth as well as on the Church of God.

These illustrious dignitaries received me with far more kindness and courtesy than I expected to meet on such a mission, and gave me leave to solicit funds for your Cathedral whilst money was still grievously required in many cases for the completion of their own. As good princes show the way of doing well to their subjects by doing well themselves, these good Bishops by their example and care are furnishing to their respective missions a priesthood no less zealous, energetic, and pious, than themselves. With many of these clergymen throughout the States I have had the pleasure of an interview, and received from them in every instance marked kindness and hospitality. They seemed to understand the difficulty of the work I was engaged in, and they did all that men could do under the circumstances to make my tour at once profitable and pleasant.

What wonder, then, that the Catholic people of America should know their religion, and practise its beautiful precepts, under such guardianship and guidance—under the care of a priesthood who make it their continual study to preach to and advise the people—who are incessant in their labors to build and ornament churches, to establish schools, to found nunneries, and such ocher institutions as will promote the spread of the Faith? Nor are their efforts in vain. As far as I could observe, the Catholics of the States, like those of Ireland, cling to their Clergy as the ivy to the wall; they support each other mutually, and co-operate with each other in the good work; they hear their pastors with docility, and improve on those lessons of virtue, morality, charity, which they learned in the days of their youth in the land of their Fathers.

My appeal, therefore, to the sympathy of the American Catholics on your behalf was not in vain; they listened to my simple narrative with devout attention, and when I told them that you had only one Church for so large a population—that you were battling bravely for years with the difficulty, and overcoming it—that the narrow-minded Lords of the Soil, the Irish Society, had insultingly refused to aid you—I shall never forget the noble generosity with which they handed me their money to enable you to finish the work. The contributions of our own countrywomen in America were really astonishing, and could they but see the Cathedral just now in its advanced state, with its grand proportions, its massive material, and beautiful workmanship, there is not one of them but would feel proud in having aided the completion of so chaste and elegant an edifice. For my own part I am proud in having had a hand in so noble a structure, and well may our good Bishop and the Catholics of Derry feel flattered by their success in so great a work. It is true funds will still be required for the good work: and, but for the late money crisis, and my failing health, more would have been returned through me from those dioceses in which we are still permitted to quest.

May God for ever bless those generous souls who in the land of their adoption were mindful of the religious struggles of their "island home!" Thanking you, gentlemen, for your kindness, be assured you always had and ever will have my best wishes and prayers for your spiritual and temporal happiness.

The address was accompanied by a magnificent gold watch and chain, purchased at the establishment of Messrs. Neills and Minniece, and having the following inscription: "Presented to the Rev. William Hegarty, by his friends and admirers in Londonderry, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for his labors in the United States on behalf of St. Eugene's Cathedral—Derry, 1858." On the termination of the reply, the chair was taken by John Casey, Esq., when a vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. M'Loughlin for his conduct while presiding.

The Intellectual Record of the Irish Race.

AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL, ON THURSDAY, DEC. 30TH, 1858, BY THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Gentlemen of the Association—
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Let me say, at the outset, that in selecting the name of our new literary association, it never entered any of our heads to establish in your midst any narrow or exclusive class organization. We took counsel from our necessities; we shall study as a class in order to emulate other classes; we desire our young men to equal, that they may equally mingle with all others; we shall uphold no exclusive intellectual dealing, for well we know that as intelligence expands and increases, so does the desire of communicating it to others, and of making the whole community sharers in our acquirements, whatever they may be.

In opening, as President, this first session of our new society, I purpose to sketch very rapidly the literary record of the Irish people; to indicate what they have done, and what they have not done; to show their true place—and as I hope their proportionate rank—in the history of mind; neither to claim for them anything which they have not done, nor to suffer any important portion of that national reputation, which is the common property of us all, to be stolen or withheld from us. And in distinguishing, in a few disputed cases, as to the nationality of any celebrated man, I may here say, I claim none—not one—who was not born and educated in Ireland—or, if born abroad of Irish parents, who was not proud of his descent. Nothing can surpass the meanness of spirit which lead any man to deny his country; unless, perhaps, the meanness of a country which should still persist in claiming such an outlaw to all natural feelings as her offspring.

It is conceded, I believe, throughout the English-speaking world, that the Irish have stood, for above a century, at the head of the oral eloquence of our language. It is also generally conceded that, in some departments of wit and humor, they stand unrivalled. When we say that the world gives them credit for possessing these three faculties, in a higher degree than other men, we say all, that the world has concluded, in their regard. I do not undervalue those concessions to the national intelligence, but I hope we may claim something more, and—with all our admiration for the wits and orators—something quite as good, if not better, than they have bequeathed us. I believe we may fairly claim a creditable place in most of the physical sciences, and a high place in Ethical philosophy; I think our countrymen have done something for the modern science of political economy; in chemistry, also, they have a fair position; in the art of war, they have produced some distinguished masters; and in law and legislation, they count some few of the first modern reputations. In one department of poetical composition—lyric poetry—and in one department of the drama—comedy—they have their place; but it must be frankly admitted that there are certain walks, both of science and of literature, in which they either do not appear at all, or appear in very subordinate positions, or fail altogether. It will be my part to point out the items in the debit as well as the credit side of our national account with the rest of the world:

For the better management of the matter, let us take the Irish mind at three periods—far apart—of the literature and history of Europe—periods when the Irish can also be intelligently contrasted with the general European mind—as evidences of what that mind can do, in certain sciences. In each of these periods we find the people existing under a widely different set of circumstances—favorable and unfavorable to systematic studies—so that we can distinguish the aids or impediments they experience from patronage and endowments at one time; from war, danger, collision and calamity, at another; from penalties, exceptions, poverty, and unequal legislation at a third. These periods we may call the Celtic period (from the year 500 to the year 1,000); the mediæval period (from the year 1,000 to the Reformation); and the modern period—the last three centuries. In the Celtic period, whatever were the errors or crimes of the native princes, the love they bore to learning is an invariable characteristic of them all. They were munificent patrons, according to their means, of the native schools, and of all men of learning. Before they were involved in a war of races—in a war for existence—with the indomitable northmen, they rivalled each other in gifts and grants to educational establishments. In the middle period we have Ireland without any supreme government—perhaps the longest spell of anarchy any Christian nation ever underwent—we have no secure establishments of learning, no help from the political power but the reverse; no possibility of such discipline, as obtained in the former time, to keep adult pupils for twenty years in the same schools; we have in this middle period mainly self-made men, individual reputations, maintaining their pretensions abroad, not at home; in the modern period we have a privileged minority, favored by the State, with the exclusive use of the only university; while the proscribed multitude have to pilfer the rudiments in by-ways and barns, with a sentinel set upon the nearest hill top to warn them of the approach of the State spy, whose livelihood was gained by the detection of rural schoolmasters teaching without license. In this period, in proportion to the whole class to whom an university education was accessible, we will find the yield of sterling intellect to have been large; and in proportion to the majority condemned to a life of ignorance unless they choose to purchase exemption by passing under the yoke of the State religion, we find the enthusiasm for learning deep, strong, and undying, and the yield of men of mind wonderful for their circumstances and opportunities.

The introduction of the Christian religion into Ireland in the fifth century brought with it immediately one learned language. The Old Annals, in giving the obituary of the national Saint, places his latinity conspicuously forward. Before the close of his half century of missionary superintendence, we are also told that he had ordained 3,000 ecclesiastics, so that at the end of that century there must have been in Ireland 3,000 scholars who knew something of the language and literature of old Rome. That some of those scholars—in that and the next age—became masters of Latin composition, we still have the hymns of Sedulius and the epistles of Columbanus to show. But besides the body of Latin literature, they gradually acquired through the offices of the Church the study of the Scriptures, and the writings of the early Fathers. Some at least of the Irish scholars of the Celtic period had a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew—as we know by what remains to us of the writings of Columbanus and Erigena. And speaking of their facility in acquiring languages we must not overlook that, as successful missionaries in many countries, they must have generally acquired the common speech of their converts. In some cases—as in the Conference held at Whitley between the Irish and British missionaries on the subject of the proper day to celebrate Easter—we learn from Bede that the Northumbian King, having been educated in Ireland, acted as interpreter between the parties, being familiar with both tongues: but, in the majority of instances, such aid was neither possible nor tolerable; and the missionaries to prevail must have been able to speak directly to the hearts of their hearers. How was an Irish missionary to be intelligible to a Burgundian, Helbetian, or Lombard gathering of those days, without a knowledge of the Frank, Swiss, and Lombard dialects? We know from modern experience—from the comparative ease with which Jesuits and Recollects acquired the Indian tongues of North America—how powerful is the memory of the missionary when acted on by a supernatural force of will. And we may fairly infer that it was even so with those of whom we speak: for it is incredible to accept the missionary success of the early Irish Priesthood unless we take for granted that they had a rare facility in acquiring the common speech of every people among whom they were sent. And this faculty has not grown more rare than formerly among the Irish. The late Dr. Barrett, of Trinity College, Dublin, of whom so many humorous stories are told by Mr. Lever and others, was a sort of Mazzofanti; the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman, whom we may fairly claim as an instance of Irish capacity in this respect, and the present learned Archbishop of Baltimore, have, in varied acquirements, few superiors. I myself was long honored with the friendship of a retiring Irish Parish Priest of the diocese of New York, who can probably read every masterpiece of human composition now known to exist in the language of its first authors; and to whom Sanscrit and Persian are as familiar as French and English to the scholars of our Canadian Colleges.

The acquirements in surgical science made by the Irish in their early Irish Christian schools, was, for those days, remarkable. We find one of them—Dicuil—publishing a treatise called *de Mensura Orbis Terræ*—which the greatest of modern geographers pronounces the first of geographical works, after the decline of Roman learning; we find another—Dungal—explaining in an astronomical treatise which still survives certain solar eclipses of the ninth century; and a third—"Feargal the Geometer"—better known by his latinized name of *Virgilius*, maintaining, in the eighth century, the existence of Antipodes and the rotundity of the Earth. The first

philosophical system which Christian Europe originated—what we commonly call the scholastic philosophy—originated, according to Mosheim and Bruckner, with the Irish scholars of those ages. For nearly a thousand years, from the age of Bede to the age of Bacon, that system prevailed through all the schools of Europe, and though loudly decried in the eighteenth century as absurd and futile, the better opinion and deeper inquiries of Sir James Mackintosh, of Coleridge, of Mr. Hallam and of Dr. Hampden (the present learned Protestant Bishop of Manchester), outweighs, with most men now, the censures of their more skeptical predecessors. These great and just men---Sir James Mackintosh and Dr. Hampden especially---have pointed out the profound obligations of modern Europe to the schoolmen, and have cheerfully rendered them that justice which less patient or less generous inquirers had denied. One of the highest names in the scholastic hierarchy is that of Duns Scotus, who died at Cologne, in 1308, when just turned of forty years of age. The question of his nationality has been fiercely contested, but, according to Mackintosh's impartial judgment, "seems to be settled by his biographer, Luke Wadding," in favor of Ireland. One of Wadding's arguments on this head is striking enough: he quotes Scotus illustrating a metaphysical argument, by this expression: "as in the definition of St. Francis or St. Patrick, man is necessarily presupposed." "As Scotus was a Franciscan," says Mackintosh, "the mention of St Patrick seems to show that he was an Irishman." Wadding published at Lyons, in 1636, the works of the *most subtile doctor*, in thirteen folio volumes, with a biography and portrait. His rank in the history of philosophy is no longer disputed; and as Italy boasts her Anselm and Aquinas, Germany her Albertus Magnus, France her Abelard, Gerson, and St. Bernard, and England her Ockham, so Ireland claims as her representative among the schoolmen, John Duns Scotus, who ranks close to the great master, "the seraphic Doctor" himself.

The studious Irish of the age of Scotus—the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—were forced by civil broils at home to search for knowledge abroad—chiefly at Oxford and Paris. Those great schools, like the Order of St John, were divided into "nations" and "languages." The historian of Oxford mentions, under the year 1276, a serious riot between "the nations" at that university, in which the Irish students are mentioned; a fact which shows that they must have resorted there in considerable numbers in the thirteenth century. In the Latin quarter of Paris they were also represented, and we may presume, from the example of Duns Scotus, that the great school of Cologne was accessible to them. A couple of centuries later they found their way to the Spanish Universities, a route they long continued to keep, as we learn, from among others, the author of *Gil Blas*, "who sometimes fell in with a colony of Irish" students; in the early part of the last century Louvain was their favorite destination, but almost every college in France and Belgium could point out in Oliver Goldsmith's youth, "philosophic vagabonds" like himself, adventurers from the same country. But in Ireland itself, we find no established university, and no literary order, from the Anglo-Norman invasion till the reign of Elizabeth. War! horrid war! occupied all that once tranquil and studious scene. A war of races, aggravated at length by a war of religions, rendered impossible for five centuries the restoration on any large scale of the ancient nurseries of science and learning. Trinity College, though endowed with the spoils of a defeated people, yet during the last two and a half centuries has maintained, singly, the intellectual reputation of the country. Its first great scholar was James Usher, and its first noted philosophic name was William Molyneaux, the friend of Locke, and the restorer of Irish constitutional policy. And here let me pay a passing tribute of homage to that illustrious, though long solitary University. Its faculty has never been deficient in learning, and seldom in; patriotism—a quiet peculiar patriotism of their own sometimes over-ridden and suppressed by religious animosity, but always, in really critical times, reasserting itself; saving our Gaelic records in the seventeenth century, voting a picture to Grattan and a statute to Burke in the eighteenth, and rebuking vulgar fanaticism, when it welcomed Dr. Wiseman as an honored visitor in the nineteenth.

The third greatest names in Irish philosophy, and, naturally enough, associated with its only University—I allude to Berkely, and to Hutcheson, whom Mackintosh calls "the father of speculative philosophy in Scotland." The influence of Berkely was more directly European than that of Hutcheson. His principles led to more and more profitable discussion than that of almost any other modern writer. His style is pronounced by Mackintosh—whose "progress of Ethical Philosophy" I follow on this topic—"the finest models of philosophic composition since Cicero." He excelled in simplicity, "a quality rarely found," adds the same author, "in Irish writers before the end of the eighteenth century." Hutcheson died three years before, and Berkely three years after 1750; the influence of each still lives.

In what may be called the most modern of sciences—political economy—the Irish mind led the Scotch in order of time, though the great Scotchman, Adam Smith, has eclipsed all other reputations of the last century in this department of study. Swift and the first Irish economists were generally "protectionists," and the argument for protection has not been better put than by Swift; Berkely, Hely Hutcheson, Grattan and Burke were opposed to commercial monopolies and restrictions without going near the length of the modern free-traders. Prior, Madden, and Brindon, three notable men in their days, have written ably on some questions of trade and currency. In the Irish Parliament, Benjamin Franklin found, on his visit to Dublin in 1771, "many excellent men of business," and certainly Lord Charlemont, Mr. Flood, Mr. Perry, Mr. Hutcheson, Mr. Foster and Mr. Grattan, showed practically that they well understood the science of national economy during the less than twenty years when they had an independent Parliament to act on and act with. Except Sir Robert Kane's "Industrial Resources," some early pamphlets by Mr. Isaac Butt, the eloquent barrister, on protectionist principles, and the financial essays of Mr. Staunton, formerly Lord Mayor of Dublin, I am not aware that any writings of marked merit have lately appeared from the Irish press in this department. The names of Smith, Benthem and Mill are more generally known in connection with commercial legislation than any Irish name except Burke—and deservedly so. Those great men devoted their lives to that special study, and have left us libraries of reference and information. The largeness of the educated class in Great Britain admits of such a division of intellectual labor; but in Ireland, until the present age, a very limited number of men had to do whatever mental work of all kinds was imperative upon their class; hence the merchant, the barrister, and the chemist were occasional writers on economical science, have established no widespread reputations, have left us no complete works. But that the Irish mind is well suited to excel in this field of mental labor, we have not only the names just cited to prove, but the equally Irish names of the Careys, father and son, among the American economists.

In other sciences during the middle age, we have no trace of Irish achievement; but in the modern period we count the names of Drs. Black and D'Alton, Richard Kirwan and Robert Kane, in chemistry; in mathematics, of Matthew Young, of Neal, who first rectified a curve of any sort—the semi-cuticle parabola; of Gleni, whose work on "Fortification" is well known; and of Patrick Darcy, a distinguished military engineer in the service of France—and the author of many highly esteemed works on philosophic subjects. But here again I have no hesitation in saying in the language of Professor Hennessy, of the new Catholic University, "that when we reflect on the acknowledged natural power of her people," Ireland "has *not* contributed her fair proportion to the advancement of science" since the age of Newton. Explain it as we may, this is the melancholy truth. In medicine alone the Dublin school, for the last three generations, has kept pace with the progress of Europe, and some of the treatises it has produced are to be found in almost every medical library in North America.

I come now to speak of that school of Irish eloquence, which is usually, though erroneously, supposed to be the sole and only growth of the national mind, in the modern period. It rose and ripened in the foreground of several other species of mental activity; it did not stand alone, though it stands above all other achievements of the same people in the same age. Philosophy, Law, Science, the Drama, Music, and Art, were all sedulously and successfully cultivated by the cotemporaries of the class of Burke and Grattan, and other names besides those of the Orators have come down to us with valid title to be remembered. Yet the Irish style and school of eloquence is unquestionably the principal achievement of the Irish mind in the last century. We might search for the first dawnings of that school in the age of Swift and Molyneaux, or even farther back, but its first great name is Sir Theobald Butler, or perhaps Anthony Malone, the father of the more generally known Shakesperian editor—whom Lord Sandwich considered the only equal of the elder Pitt. Flood, Grattan, Burke, Plunkett, Canning, O'Connell, belong to the Parliamentary succession of its greatest masters. Isaac Barre, Curran, Robert Emmett, Sheridan and Shiel—especially the two last—are men of a compound reputation, with other claims besides their statesmanlike wisdom and senatorial style. For the very first rank there is no second aspirant; it belongs by divine right to Edmund Burke; but immediately beside and around him we may array the others whose names I have mentioned. This extraordinary group were all men of two generations; they all culminated or rose within the last half of the last century. There is a general family resemblance between them all, and yet no two of them are alike; no one servilely copies another; every man's style and every man's merit is his own. They may be compared, but they cannot be confounded. They assert their individuality as clearly as the great dramatists of Greece, or the great painters of Italy. They form one school, but not one style; from the Doric simplicity of Flood, Plunkett, and O'Connell, (in his argumentative efforts,) to the Saracenic glitter and grandeur of Grattan and Shiel, you may find every intermediate combiniation into which logic and rhetoric is capable of being cast in oral composition.

What we most admire in these great masters is their eloquence of thought, which finds its highest representative in Burke. It is quite common of late days, with a certain class of critics, to speak of *Irish* eloquence as the eloquence of words only or mainly apart from ideas. As if there could be any such thing as eloquence without ideas! Of all men who have given occasion to the world for forming this most unjust and disparaging estimate of the Irish school, I hold Charles Phillips to be the worst offender. Those who class Mr. Phillips with Shiel or with Curran, are guilty of a gross outrage. He is just what Mary Godfrey, Tom Moore's witty correspondent, calls him, "that sunflower of eloquence—Mr. Charles Phillips." No floral comparison could be better than that of the great, tall, tawdry, scentless sunflower, except, indeed, in one particular, that Mr. Phillips never turned towards the setting, but always bowed his head towards the rising sun—the quarter whence patronage shines upon the world. His turgid periods were once very popular, especially with young American declaimers; but I trust no rational creature, who can lay his hand on any other Irish orator, will ever again turn a page on which he shall find inscribed the name of Charles Phillips.

The triumphs of Irish wit since the days of Swift have been unchecked and continuous. Among our immediate predecessors, Sergeant Murphy, William Maginn, Thomas Moore and O'Connell maintained a *status*, not below that of Swift and his friends in the age of Queen Anne. But this gift, like that of eloquence, has been fruitful of caricatures and counterfeits. When a forgery is attempted it will be generally at the cost of a solvent, rather than of a broken Bank. And thus many witlings and jokerlings, on both sides of the Atlantic, do us the honor to father their own bantlings on us. I am not at all disposed to question the existence of both wit and humor in the New England or Old England people. Nothing could be more absurd than to deny them either; but their humor is their own, and their abortions are their own, and it is a poor substitute for the full possession of either, to utter some stupid bull or other, in broken English, and pass it off with "as the Irishman said." There are bulls in Irish pastures as well as in Durham and Connecticut, but they are not precisely of the same breed, and it is as easy to tell the stock of the joke as the stock of the cattle. If you want to find genuine Irish wit you will look for it, not in the slang of Dublin or any other large city, but in the merry-makings of the people, in the table talk of Curran, as reported to us; or in the comedies of Goldsmith, or Sheridan, or Arthur Murphy. With all his private shortcomings, we must consider Sheridan as the highest embodiment of Irish humor. The best hits in "the Critic," "the Rivals," "the Duenna," and "the School for Scandal," will live as long as the language. The School for Scandal gives the Irish mind the palm for comedy, and it is perhaps doubtful if it ever will be excelled in its department. It is the last achievement of a century of triumphs, in which Sheridan had worthy predecessors, in Arthur Murphy, Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Macklin, and George Farquhar.

In Tragedy our writers have had inferior success. Banim's "Damon," Shiels' "Evadne" and "Apostate," Gerald Griffin's "Gysippus," and Henry Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa," are all successful on the stage; but the best of them cannot be safely compared with the best efforts of the English Tragic Muse.

In Epic and Tragic Poetry I frankly admit our inferiority, but among the votaries of the Lyric Muse I think we may claim the first place for Thomas Moore. In Fiction we have no name equal either to Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Dickens; but we have Goldsmith, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Banim, Griffin, and Carleton.

The catalogue of what we have done would be incomplete without a passing mention of the Irish artists. In the last and present age Ireland has produced some eminent Painters—such as James Barry and Daniel Maclise; in Sculpture we have just seen, what, perhaps, I might call our first age; it has brought forth Hogan, McDowel, Foley, Lawlor, and a few others of less Imperial reputation, whose works won honors for their authors at the great Industrial Exhibition of London and Paris.

I have reached the last and least grateful division of my statement—what the Irish have *not* done in the intellectual world. I admit our inferiority in the two highest efforts of poetic power—Epic and Tragedy; and I am sorry to say that I must own the absence of still another muse—that of History. The plain truth is we have no national History fit to be seen. The best of the modern attempts (McGeoghegan's) was made a century ago, and has been rendered almost obsolete by recent discoveries and researches. We have the satisfaction of knowing that a salutary and judicious spirit of research *has*, within the last quarter of a century, done more to disinter the long buried proportions of our ancient state of society than had been effected for centuries before. The silent, unobtrusive industry of the Currys and O'Donovans, the Petries, Todds, and Kellys, has rendered it possible for some artist in history to enter on the work, with abundance of every necessary material. But that work to be thoroughly done—to be completely done---to stand or deserve to stand---must be done in Ireland, by a man of leisure, as well as of learning and of wisdom. If it is not done in our time, we must go to the grave with the mournful conviction, that in one of the highest and most useful departments of intellectual effort, Irish mind is still unrepresented, or what is still worse, is represented only by abortions.

Politically also, it is to be owned, the Irish have not succeeded. This is a sad failure, for the constitution of every intelligent people is their greatest national work. It is the sum of their wisdom, the nett product of their united capacity. It does not grow like the oak, nor is it built by hands like the temples of worship, yet it partakes both of the endurance of the oak, and the sanctity of the temple. It is the work of more than one age; it embodies the past, and embraces the future. If it is ours, it belongs neither to us nor to our ancestors, nor to our descendants only; it belongs to us all. Cities, Navies, Armies, Libraries, may stand or perish---increase or decrease—plenty or pestilence may visit a kingdom, but while its natural and adequate framework of law remains, neither conquest nor calamity can vitally injure that people. In the Celtic period, the defect of the Irish Constitution was the defect of the Grecian and Italian republics—want of sufficient centrality. The Provisional government, formed at Kilkenny in 1642, reproduced this original defect, when it created independent Provincial Councils and Provincial commanders. Grattan's Constitution in 1782 had the fatal defect—though that was not Grattan's fault—of "standing on the smaller end"—of having a single sect for its basis—and the republican design of the United Irishmen would have run into the opposite extreme, (for Irish society,) of excluding altogether the moral sanction of religion from the fabric they proposed to erect constitutionally, as well as historically. It cannot be denied that the national genius, from one cause or another, has not hitherto succeeded in producing its own image and likeness. It remains for our compatriots of the present and after times to determine whether this reproach also shall be wiped away; and when we see the new governments of Australia as well as of these colonies, and more than one of the old governments of Europe, so often swayed and directed by Irishmen or men of Irish descent, we can never despair of the same race producing other sons as capable of founding or restoring the authority of their ancestral island.

If I have not overstated the historical case, I have shown that, in proportion to the whole number educated at any former period, the yield of reputation was large and cheering; and, further, the record, I think, shows that the natural power of this people are not peculiarly restricted, but are such as to well qualify them for success in most paths of intellectual effort. These two positions established, the grounds of hope, and the wide range which hope may safely take, may be conceived. It only remains to impress on you, gentlemen, the opportunities which we enjoy in our own age under present geographical distribution. We are, with our children, above three millions in North America; our compatriots in Australia count by tens of thousands; the six millions who remain in Ireland enjoy many advantages over their immediate ancestors. They have now in Ireland three universities. They have primary schools sufficient for the cheap education of almost all their children. They have all the advantages of living within the influence of the bright side of European culture—that which embraces France and England. Our millions in America and thousands in Australia have also their special advantages. They possess, at this moment—all acquired by their own industry—more property, in the aggregate, than was ever possessed by their ancestors, even when they owned the whole soil of their fatherland. If the Irish in Ireland, in America, and Australia, do not make great strides in intellectual advancement before the end of the nineteenth century, they can no longer throw the blame on poverty, or penal laws, or misgovernment. The fault will be their own and the shame will be their own. All the implements of equal culture, with the highest schools, colleges, the press, travel, association, are within the reach of as many of them as of almost any cotemporary people. The doubt that remains to be solved in relation to the Irish (on this continent more especially) is, can they stand prosperity as unspoiled as their fathers stood adversity? If they can keep their balance as firmly---if they can retain their morals as pure---if they can preserve their love for learning as fresh and ardent---with their new opportunities and new inducements---it is not too much to assume that an illustrious intellectual future awaits them and their descendants throughout the New World.

For the Irish in Canada, I think I may say, they remain in their morality much the same people they were before their migration. They are, no doubt, sharpened and quickened by contact with rival races—but they are still the same people, under a higher stimulus. For that portion of them and their descendants, dwelling in Montreal, we have established our Literary Society, and we cherish the highest expectations for its useful future, from the fact that it has secured from the first the benediction of the clergy on the one hand, and the cordial co-operation of the laity on the other. Both are necessary to success, the one to conserve authority in a voluntary society, the other to interest the public, and to excite the emulation of the members. Four classes of useful studies are established---the *nucleus* of a library exists already---and ere long we hope to be able to welcome you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to a St. Patrick's Hall of our own.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Splendid passage of the "Prince Albert."—The Times *grumbles.—The President's Message in England.—The Reform question.—Ireland's apathy.—Proposed modifications of the Jury System.—India.—How the Rajah of Amethie outwitted Lord Clyde.—Another phase of cruelty to wives.—Cutting and Stabbing.—Mr. Mowbray Morris.—The "Reverend" Henry Marchmont a writer for the* Times *—Compliments of the Season.—The* N. Y. Tablet *in England.*

London, 24th December, 1858.

The Galway Steamship line is making itself felt. There is no surer sign of this than that the *Times* is beginning to growl at it. The late passage of the *Prince Albert* from land to land in a little over *five days and a half* has been too much for the Thunderer, and, not knowing exactly how to dispose of the fact, it contents itself with accusing the officers of the Galway Steamer with keeping a false log. It then shows how exceedingly conscientious the officers of the Liverpool lines are in calculating the time of their passages, and evidently forgets that the method of checking both is exceedingly simple. But of course the little outburst was intended for Liverpool. The fact that the *Prince Albert* in this trip brought the news of the President's Message makes the crime of that Steamer having crossed the Atlantic in five days and three-quarters still more heinous, as it called attention to her arrival and made the fact stand out in bold relief before the public. The spectacle of the *Times* giving lessons in conscientiousness is most audaciously comical, and brings to the mind the popular saying, in which a certain gentleman in black is described as putting on the clothes and adopting the twang of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.

The President's Message is generally unfavorably appreciated here. Even the most enthusiastic philo-Americans, the followers of Mr. Bright, &c., cannot defend the Mexican and Central American policy announced therein. The armed occupation of two provinces of a country with which you are at peace is something that, with our European views of the law of nations, is entirely beyond our comprehension. Nor can we believe that the feeble Central American republics are continual sticking pins in the American giant and making his life miserable, while he, good natured Colossus that he is, has contented himself, so far, with complaining. As to the project of purchasing Cuba, the general idea is that Mr. Buchanan must be going mad. He might as well undertake to purchase Ireland from England as to purchase the Gem of the West Indian Seas from Spain. The project would be only calculated to raise an universal laugh at your President's expense, were it not that the unblushing coolness with which he insults an ancient nation, the pioneer of Christianity and civilization in the Western World, brings a blush of shame to the cheek of all true friends of the United States. The people here, unacquainted with the machinery of your political system, look upon the President as the popular choice, and consequently consider his opinions, schemes, or vagaries, as the expression of the opinions and aspirations of those whom they suppose him to represent.

The question of Reform is still being agitated strenuously and zealously but without tumult. Meetings are being held throughout the country, and there is a quiet, steady determination on the part of the people to insist on their being properly represented in future parliaments. Scotland follows the example of England in this respect. Mr. Bright addressed the Reformers of Glasgow on Tuesday evening. An immense concourse of people assembled to hear him in the City Hall, and the several passages of his speech were enthusiastically applauded. Ireland who, by an equitable distribution, would acquire an additional representation of sixty or seventy members, remains si-

lent and takes no part in the agitation of the question. She presumes, no doubt, that pretexts will be found for refusing to her any reforms which ministers may be compelled to extend to England and Scotland.

A movement has been set on foot here to do away with the requirement of unanimity in the verdict of juries in civil cases. Lord Campbell approves it. Two cases have occurred during the last week in which the juries have failed to find a verdict, one of them before Lord Campbell himself. His Lordship was pretty severe on the twelve good men and true. The case was an action for damages brought by an individual against a railway company for personal damage sustained by the plaintiff in consequence of an accident on the company's road. The jury were instructed that if they considered that there was negligence on the part of the company, they should find for the plaintiff, if not, for the defendant. The jury at first could not agree, but subsequently brought in a verdict for the plaintiff with one farthing damages. Lord Campbell, who does not often get excited, grew quite warm, and after a sharp rebuke refused to receive a verdict so opposed to law and common sense, and sent back the jurors to reconsider. They were locked up all night, and next morning not having agreed upon a verdict, and one of their number being ill, his Lordship dismissed them. The frequent recurrence of such cases as these, in which juries show a most assinine obstinacy and stupidity, has called the attention of our jurisconsults to the propriety of taking the verdict of the majority in civil cases. But I would ask, if in civil why not in criminal cases?

From India the intelligence this week is tame enough. Tantia Topee—who has succeeded, so far, in baffling all attempts to seize him—is said to be no other than the Nena Sahib, but I consider this the thousand and second tale of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The description of Tantia Topee by correspondents at present is almost the exact opposite of that given us of the Nena a year ago. The surrender of the Rajah of Amethie in Oude is reported, but the *Times* tells a very laughable story of the manner in which the witty Rajah overcame the blunter occidental wit of Lord Clyde. After receiving the old Scotch Soldier's summons to retreat, the Rajah diplomatized so successfully that he obtained time for the escape of the garrison and the concealment of almost all his guns. He then submitted, but no doubt as soon as the English are gone, his Sepoy garrison will find their way back again, and the concealed cannons will be disinterred. Four more Catholic Chaplains are to be sent out to India.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court there have been three cases of wife-wounding, with razors, knives, pokers, &c. The mania is getting into another phase; English husbands used to confine themselves to wife-beating, but now the feloniously cutting and wounding their unfortunate mates seems to be coming into fashion. Their propensity is receiving its natural development. A gentleman, who would be an ornament to your territory of Utah, was arrested the other day on a charge of polygamy, having espoused seven women in different towns in England, all of whom are alive, and, were each, respectively, unconscious, up to the arrest of the Mormon, that their conjugal bliss was shared by half a dozen others. No wonder the Mormons are successful in England.

Somewhat of an excitement has been created in newspaper circles by an assault of which a Mr. Morris, one of the editors of the *Times*, was the victim. I do not pretend to say that Mr. Morris deserved what he got, but I know that many of his co-workers on that journal richly deserve what Mr. Morris got. They number among them some specimens of the *genus homo*, whose only title to the name of man is their physical conformation. The "Reverend" Henry, who lately figured before the Court of Probate and Divorce, and in one of my late letters, is employed to write leading articles in the columns of the *Times*. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

I must not close my letter without wishing you and the readers of the N. Y. TABLET a happy Christmas and the complement of the compliments of the season, a happy New Year, and hoping that it will not be the last time I shall have the pleasure of wishing you and them happiness and prosperity. Your excellent journal gives abundant evidence of the latter, and I have heard it spoken of in high terms of commendation by members of the English Catholic Press. It is looked upon as one of the ablest and most consistent advocates of the great Catholic cause in the New World.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Belgian Ministry working out its own destruction. Cochin-China.—France and Spain.—The Trappist Fathers and the JOURNAL DES DEBATS *—The Russian Grand Duke.—The Montalembert appeal.—Death of M. Rigault.—Rumored Pilgrimage of the Pope to Jerusalem.—Two American Cardinals.—The end of the world.*

PARIS, 23d Dec., 1858.

Everything seems to prognosticate that the Belgian mob ministry will soon have run out the full extent of rope allowed, and will strangle itself to the infinite satisfaction of all who deprecate the pressure exercised on legislative councils by the outside tumult of the mob and the threats of an *emeute*. The penal measures with regard to the pulpit and the press are loudly denounced by the mass of the Belgian people. The organs of what we styled the "Moderate Liberals," beg and warn the ministry that its obstinacy in determining to carry out those odious measures will result in its downfall, and call upon them to make the only amendment in their power, by abandoning the entire measure of revising the Penal Code—as the obnoxious clauses have already been passed—or at least laying it over until next session. It is to be hoped, however, in the interest of the Belgian people, that the mob ministry will continue its policy of putting prelates, priests, and journalists on a par with counterfeiters, for the more obstinate they are the sooner the country will be relieved of them.

The sending of additional troops to aid in the Cochin-Chinese expedition is urged, and I think with reason. With such Pagan tyrants as the Emperor of Annam, the best policy is a decisive one, and he should be shown at once by the spectacle of an army of respectable proportions that resistance is useless. The forces at present in that country are no doubt more than sufficient for the ultimate subjugation of the Annamese tyrant, but success on their part will require much a larger space of time, and the belief that France and Spain, by sending only a limited number of troops, attach no great importance to the expedition, may induce Tuduc to offer a resistance which he would not attempt before an army of respectable numbers. The fact that the Bay of Touranne and the portions of the country already occupied must for the future remain under the protection of France, also renders an increase of the expeditionary forces necessary, and soldiers are not wanting in France.

The *Moniteur* publishes some interesting extracts from letters dated Bangkok, the capital of Siam, giving an account of the reception of M. de Castelnau, the French Consul, by the King. On the 26th of October last the Consul was conducted to the Royal residence, accompanied by the Bishop of Mallos, who kindly consented to act as interpreter on the interesting occasion. In the reception hall a cushion was placed for the French Consul, at a few feet from the throne, and in a line with those of the princes of the royal family who, as well as about four hundred mandarins, placed in different portions of the apartment, lay prostrated with their faces to the ground. By a special favor a second cushion was prepared for the Bishop of Mallos. Friendly relations between France and Siam were first established in the reign of Louis XIV., the great King, who may be said to have laid the basis of a grand French Colonial extension, disturbed afterwards by wars and revolutions. A treaty was concluded concerning Christianity and regulating commercial relations, and ambassadors were exchanged. The subsequent changes both in France and Siam interrupted friendly relations between the two countries, and France has had no representative at the Siamese Court. "Religious relations, however, have never ceased, and a Bishop has always been there, as well as priests, who went in succession to teach the holy Catholic religion. The King in his answer to the Count's address said the Court of Siam since the time of the first treaty with France had never placed any obstacles to the "customs and ceremonies of the priests of the Catholic religion." How many nations pretending to be enlightened could not say as much.

The *Journal des Debats* has an account of a petition presented by certain cultivators and distillers to the Prefect of Alger, complaining that the Trappist Fathers at Staoueli cultivate odoriferous plants and manufacture essences to the great horror of the colonists who are engaged in the regular business. As there is no civil law which prevents religions of any order to raise odoriferous plants, the petitioners appeal to the Canon law. The *Debats*, which is English in everything, is, of course, a determined Free-trader, and at least once every week, favors its readers with a long homily on the advantages of that system, yet it forgets its principles when a Catholic confraternity is in the case, and thinks that competition should be carried on, on conditions of absolute equality. This, of course, translated, means that *Government should have the care of equalizing the normal conditions of competition.* A Catholic body fairly takes advantage of the freedom of trade; the *Debats* immediately becomes a protectionist. If the same body called for protection, the *Debats* would be fiercely free-trade.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia has come and seen and dined with their Imperial Majesty. It is said that he travels under the strictest incognito, bearing the name of Admiral Romanoff, but no one would think it, for the Russian Ambassador, M. de Kisselef, with all the Russians of distinction in Paris, went to meet him. This "strict incognito" is something I cannot understand. The habitual spleen which affects our English residents seemed to be considerably aggravated during the short visit to the Grand Ducal Russ.

The Montalembert business has received its quietus. The Count's appeal to the Imperial Court of Paris resulted in his acquittal on the charge of attacking the principles of Universal Suffrage, and the rights and prerogatives the Emperor holds under the Constitution. The Court, contrary to the opinions of the former judges, has decided that the Count, instead of being the principal in the affair, was but the accomplice, M. Douniol, the manager of the *Correspondant*, being the true principal. The sentence of the first Court brought the offence under 1st and 3d articles of the law of 27th July, 1849, the revised decision only brings it under the third article, and as it was the first article which subjected M. de Montalembert to the application of the law of 27th February, 1858, concerning public safety, the Count is freed from the consequences of it. Whether the decision were so or not, it would all be the same for the Count, as the Emperor's pardon removed the liability to deportation or imprisonment. The Court has reduced the term of imprisonment from four to three months, but has not changed the amount of the fine. The Count's appeal was an unwise measure; his position is now weaker than ever.

The press has lost an ornament in M. Rigault, one of the most rising writers of France, who died last week from excess of mental application, at the age of 38. He leaves a wife and two young children. He was a professor of history at such an early age that the comic papers used to represent him playing at marbles with his pupils.

The *Courrier du Dimanche* announces, on the authority of an Italian journal, (it does not give the name of the journal,) that his Holiness Pius IX., intends shortly to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The *Courrier* adds: "Notwithstanding the unromantic character of our epoch, religious indifference, and the sanity of noble aspirations, the event of a Pontiff visiting the Holy Places for the first time, cannot pass unnoticed."

It is stated in certain journals here, also on the faith of letters from Rome, that it is the intention of his Holiness to select two Cardinals from among the prelates of North America.

The *Echo des Cevennes* states that an old prophecy exists in the country parts that when Easter Sunday falls on Saint Mark's Day, which necessarily causes Good Friday to fall on St. George's Day, and Corpus Christi on St. John's Day, the end of the world is at hand. The following is the old proverb in French:

> Quand Georges Dieu crucifiera.
> Que Marc le ressuscitera,
> Et que Saint Jean le portera,
> *La fin du monde arrivera.*

These remarkable coincidences will happen in 1886. The author of the prophecy is not known, but there is no doubt that he was a mountaineer of the Cevennes, and consequently is not entitled to consideration in his own country. =.

LADY SKATERS IN THE CENTRAL PARK.—In Russia, Holland, and England even, the the haughtiest ladies of the land strap on their glittering skates, and glide over the glazed river or lake, like the nymphs of a pantomime. We are glad to see that our American beauties are beginning to take an active part in this most graceful and healthy amusement; and one may now behold some of the most aristocratic beaux and bells of the *haut ton*, combined in fascinating aquaria, gliding over the polished lake of the Central Park, whenever the ice is firm enough for skating purposes. The fair skaters generally enjoy an advantage over their gallants by means of the elegant "skate-boots, made expressly for the purpose, and giving a fearless and dashing air to the wearers." These boots are made to fit like gloves, yet not cramp the the feet, and prevent the possibility of spraining ankles or turning the soles awry. In these admirable supporters, the lady feels steady and secure, and skates away, like a sunbeam slipping over a wave. The fact that these "skate-boots" are all furnished by that gallant gentleman, Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY, of 230 Bowery, has so delighted the fair novices in skating, that he has become quite a lion among them, and they send their husbands, brothers, and lovers to him, for promenade and other boots, shoes, slippers, &c., besides going thither themselves, with their young friends and children, when they want fashionable foot coverings.

IRISH DEATHS.

December 15, at Middle Gardiner street, Dublin, Miss Sarah Jane Doyle, sister to Daniel Doyle, solicitor, Limerick.

December 16, at 122 Upper Abbey street, John Hardy, commpositor, after a tedious illness, aged 32 years.

December 14, at Rathmines, of paralysis, aged 84, Mary, widow of Wm. Rawson, solicitor, Baltinglass.

December 16, at Cork Abbey, Bray, Harriet, wife of Colonel the Hon. Edward Wingfield, aged 82 years.

December 13, Hannah, daughter of David Walsh, of Ballincollig, county Cork.

At Cavan, Mrs. Catherine Brady, deeply and deservedly regretted.

December 14, at Lismore, suddenly, Alex Anderson.

December 14, at Ross, Manor Hamilton, aged 78, Major John Hamilton, formerly of the 57th regiment.

December 15, at Dungarvan, Margaret, wife of Thomas Cleary.

December 15, at Newgrove, county Tipperary, Richard Wm. Camuck Cambie, son of the late Solomon Richard Cambie.

December 16, at Sligo, Richard Wood, of Seafort, formerly of the 31st regiment, and late of the Sligo Rifles.

December 16, at his residence, Nass, William, son of the late Richard O'Callaghan, of that place.

December 17, at Clonaghston, near Enniscorthy, Elizabeth, relict of Richard Quill, Lieutenant Royal Navy.

December 18, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Michael R. O'Malley, of Fairview, Clontarf.

December 20, at Rathlubs, county Clare, William Winter Bridgeman, late Sub Inspector in the Revenue Police.

December 9, at Kilburn, John, son of the late John Waldron Wright.

September 20, at Brisbane, Moreton Bay, Australia, Mary, wife of Captain W. B. O'Connell, late of the 73d regiment.

September 21, at Sydney, New South Wales, Captain John Rossiter, formerly of Wexford.

December 13, at Hacketstown, county Clare, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Denis Shannon, for upwards of thirty years an honest and upright trader of that town.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The market was firm, while sales were somewhat less active. The sales embraced about 9 000 bbls, closing within about the following range of prices:

Standard to superfine State	$4 65@$4 75
Extra State do	5 35@ 5 60
Common to good Western	4 65@ 4 75
Extra Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio	5 75@ 7 00
Extra Genesee	5 75@ 7 75
Canadian superfine and extra	5 90@ 6 75
Southern fancy and extra	5 60@ 7 50
Choice extra family and bakers' brands	7 50@ 8 50
Rye flour	3 4 @ 4 10
Corn meal	3 40@ 4 10

Canadian flour was firm, with moderate sales within the range of quotations. Southern brands continued in good demand, with sales of 2,000 bbls., closing within the range of our figures. Rye flour was in some little request, with sales of about 250@300 bbls. at quotations. Corn meal was unchanged Wheat—The market was again firmer, with a speculative movement in red winter Western, on terms not made public. The sales embraced about 10,000@12,000 bushels, including red Western at $1 26@$1 28, white Michigan at $1 42, and white Kentucky afloat at $1 55. Corn was in better demand and at improved prices. The sales embraced about 25,000 bushels, including unsound Western mixed at 81c.; sound ditto at 84@85c., and a lot of poor Southern yellow at 79c. Rye was in better request, with sales of about 3,000 bushels, in store, at 80c. Barley was firm, with sales of about 2,000 bush. Western at 88c. Oats were firmer, with sales of State at 55@60c., and at 60@61c. for Western and Canadian.

COTTON—The sales embraced about 500 bales, closing with steadiness on the basis of about 12c. for middling uplands.

HAY—The market, owing to the storm, was quiet but firm, at 75@80c.

HIDES—The market has been active, and sales on the spot and to arrive have been large. An advance of ¼c. per lb. has been realized on Buenos Ayres. H. D. Hull & Co., brokers, report the following sales: 4,000 Buenos Ayres, to arrive, 27c, do.; 3,000 dry California, 24½c., do.; 3,000 dry Savanilla, 18c., do.; 2,200 dry Bogota, 23c., do.; 1,200 dry Sisal, 15½c. do.

NAVAL STORES continued firm at $1 75 for common rosin, 310 lbs., delivered, while spirits were held at 50c., and crude do. $3 75!

OIL—Linseed was firmly held at 66@67c., while sales were limited. Crude sperm and whale were quiet and prices unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market closed with somewhat less spirit, but without change of moment in prices. The sales embraced about 1,000 bbls., including old mess at $17@$17 10; new mess, $17 50@17 62½; prime, $13, and soft mess at $16 50, and 1,000 bbls. of mess were sold for February and March, delivery sellers' option, at $17 62½ Beef continued to be firmly held, with sales of about 450 bbls, including country prime, at $6 25@$7; country mess at $5@9; repacked Western mess at $9@$10 50, and extra at $10 87½@$11 50; prime mess, in the absence of sales, was nominal; beef hams were in moderate request at $13 50@$16. Bacon was steady, with sales of 50 boxes long ribbed (light) at 8¼c., sixty days' interest added, and 10 do. city clear short, heavy at 11c. Cut meats were in fair demand, with sales of about 155 hhds., including hams, at 8¾@9¼c., and shoulders at 6@6¾c. Lard continued firm, with sales of 500@600 bbls. at 11½@11¾c. Butter and cheese were steady and prices unchanged.

SUGARS—The market was firmer, and closed at a further advance of ⅛c., making about ¼c. on the week's sales. The transactions embraced about 1,000 hhds., chiefly New Orleans, and chiefly within the range of 7@8c. Sales of about 500 hhds. Cuba and New Orleans were made on speculation at private terms.

TOBACCO—The demand for segar leaf continues good, with prices firm. Kentucky is less active: 57 hhds. Kentucky, 7½@11½c.; 600 bales Yara, p. t.; 300 cases seed leaf 10½@12c.; 11 do. Florida, 18c.

WHISKEY—The market was firmer, with sales of about 300 bbls. at 27@27½c.

WOOL—We have nothing particular to notice in the market the past week. The trade continues brisk, with a demand mostly for clothing wools. The stock of fleeces is very much reduced, and we hear of no sales of importance. Pulled wool is in fair demand at full prices, and 175,000 lbs. have been sold on private terms. There has been but little doing in foreign from first hands, and we have nothing to notice in the way of sales of any importance.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Christian Brothers.

Children received from seven years of age and upwards.

TO raise up youth in the fear and love of God, and in that respect and submission which they owe to their parents; to train them to the knowledge and practice of our holy religion; to form them to the social duties of life, and prepare them for honorable pursuits in their future career, is the object of this Institution. A vigilant and fatherly care, united with a firm though mild discipline; a plan of school exercises adapted to the age and ability of the pupils, whereby instruction is conveyed in a pleasant and agreeable manner; a judicious distribution of time between study and recreation; a good, wholesome and sufficient diet; proper in and out-door exercises; all these and other important advantages are to be met with in the Academy. Tending as they do to the moral, intellectual, and physical development of the future man, they have not failed through the past to endear the Institution to its inmates, who find therein the salutary influences of school discipline, blended with the sweets of home. The location is a healthy one, and of easy access from the city of New York.

The building, originally large and commodious, has been made still more so by late improvements of various kinds.

Board and Washing, Tuition, use of School Books, Stationery and Library, $180 per annum.

Payments made semi-annually in advance.

The Academic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September and terminating on the 1st of August.

The following branches are taught according to the learner's age and capacity, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, the French language, Vocal Music, and Drawing.

EXTRA BRANCHES.

The Spanish and German languages are taught, and lessons given on the Piano, Violin, Flute, &c., to those whose parents or guardians desire it. For each of these respectively there is an extra charge. (No extra charge for French or Drawing.)

For further particulars apply personally or by letter to THE BROTHER SUPERIOR,
sep4 tf At the Academy.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is beautifully situated, about two miles from Albany, on the Troy road, overlooking the Hudson, and commanding a view of the cities and of the whole surrounding scenery of Albany and Troy. The shady walks and woodlands by which it is diversified; the eminence on which the house stands, embosomed in trees; the high hills in the distance, covered with beautifully variegated foliage, make this a most delightful and healthy site for a Young Ladies' Academy. In case of sickness the Ladies administer, with the fondness of a mother, to the wants of the children committed to their charge. Unceasing care and vigilance render the superintendence and government complete. The system of education embraces every useful and ornamental branch suitable for Young Ladies.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per annum, $180, payable half-yearly in advance. From this rule there will be no deviation.

Day Scholars, per quarter	$10 00
Day Scholars dining at the Academy, per quarter	15 00
Use of Piano, per quarter	3 00
Stationery, per annum	8 00
Washing	20 00
Physician's Fees	3 00

Postage charged to parents. Each pupil will pay on entrance for use of Bed, &c., five dollars.

Music, Drawing, Painting, and the Languages, excepting French, form extra charges. As French enters into the usual course of instruction, peculiar attention is given to form the pupils to a correct and elegant style of writing in it, as well as in their own language. Peculiar attention will also be paid to plain and ornamental needlework. No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of a term except for cogent reasons.

The Scholastic year will begin on the first Monday of September, and end in the month of July. Pupils are admitted at any time during the year. There will be an extra charge of fifteen dollars for pupils who remain during the vacation.

The pupils are permitted to receive visits only from their parents, or from such as are formally authorized by them.

For further particulars apply to
ag28 tf THE LADY SUPERIOR.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has the warm approval and recommendation of the Rev. Pastor. ag29 tf

EDUCATION.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

Nos. 44 and 46 Second Street,

NEW YORK.

THE Brothers of the Christian Schools had for a long time past cause to regret their being necessitated, from want of accommodations, to refuse numerous applications from respectable parents desirous of procuring for their children a thorough education. To meet these demands, the Brothers have purchased and fitted out at great expense the elegant house (No. 46) adjoining their own residence. This house will be entirely devoted to the purpose for which it has been purchased. There will be six distinct Classes, having each one Teacher or more, thus forming a regular and very desirable gradation necessarily conducive to the rapid progress of the pupils. The number of pupils in each class will be limited.

The Scholastic year will consist of eleven calendar months, or four quarters of twelve weeks each.

The Classes will open on the first Monday of September.

Payments will be quarterly, and invariably in advance.

The course of education will consist of Reading, Writing, English Grammar, French Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, (Theoretical and Practical,) Trigonometry, Algebra, History, Rhetoric, Philosophy, (the theory and practice, there being a complete Philosophical apparatus for the purpose,) the use of the Globes, Music, instrumental and vocal French, Latin, Greek, &c., &c.

Terms:

1st, or Lowest Class	$ 5 00	per quarter.
2d Class	6 00	"
3d "	7 00	"
4th "	8 00	"
5th, or High Class	9 00	"
6th, or Superior Class	10 00	"
Music, (excepting Piano)	2 50	"
" Piano, with privilege of learning on any other instrument	5 00	"

There will be no extra charge for French, Greek, Latin, &c.

Class Books of the very highest order will be furnished, without charge, excepting Classical Books, which must be provided by the pupils themselves.

ag28 tf

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy 237 Fourth Street.

THIS Institution, the object of which is the Christian education of children, will re-open on the first Monday of September. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort, and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the Academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The course of instruction comprises the elementary, and all the higher branches of English education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Book-keeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

	Per annum.
Board and Tuition	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music, Vocal and Instrumental	12
" (with Piano) "	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each Boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The Linen should be marked with the name in full. ag28 tf

ST. MARY'S SELECT SCHOOL,

CORNER CHICAGO AVENUE AND CASS STREET,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

THE Course of Instruction will embrace the various elementary as well as the higher branches of a finished education. French and German taught by natives. Special attention paid to the morals, health, and deportment of the pupils. Music, Drawing, Useful and Ornamental Needlework, and Fancy Work of every description form part of the regular course.

oct9 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BELLEVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

CONDUCTED BY

JOSEPH AND CATHERINE CLARK.

THE fine situation of this Institution, and the extent of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of health, all that can be desired, while the houses intended for the pupils are fitted up in a style of comfort which will give satisfaction. Boys and girls will be received from 7 to 14 years of age; they are always under the watchful care of their teachers, and form but one family with them; they shall receive a thorough religious and mercantile education. Particular attention will be paid to them that they attend to their religious duties. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. Rules and Regulations made known at the School. This School has the approval of the Rev. Pastor. The stage from Newark passes the door twice a day. ap10 6m

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

U. S. PASSPORTS,

Procured with the utmost promptness,

By FRANCIS J. McDONOUGH,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

City Library Rooms, No. 12 City Hall. oct9 tf

SHIPPING.

WILLIAMS & GUION'S

"OLD BLACK STAR LINE"

OF

NEW YORK & LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

40 Fulton st., N. Y., and 115 Waterloo road, Liverpool.

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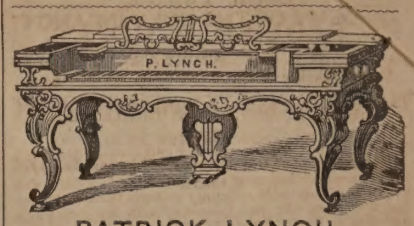

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